THE ATHEIST:

OR,

The Second Part

OF THE

Souldiers Fortune.

Acted at the

Duke's Theatre.

Written by *THO. OTWAY.*

——— *Hic noſter Authores habet;*
Quorum æmulari exoptat negligentiam
Potius, quam iſtorum obſcuram diligentiam.
Dehinc ut quieſcant porrò moneo, & deſinant
Maledicere, malefacta ne noſcant ſua. Terence.

LONDON,

Printed for *R. Bentley*, and *J. Tonſon*, in *Ruſſel-ſtreet* in *Covent-Garden*, and the *Judges Head* in *Chancery-Lane*, near *Fleetſtreet*. MDC LXXXIV.

THE

ATHEIST

OR

The Second Part

OF THE

Southern Fortune

Acted at the

Duke's Theatre.

Written by THO. OTWAY.

Tibi nostri Auctores [illegible]
Quorum [illegible] exspectat [illegible]
Retinet, quam istorum obscuram diligentiam.
Dolore ut quiescant porro moneo, & desinant
Maledicere, malefacta ne noscant sua. Terence.

LONDON,

Printed for F. Bentley, and J. Tonson, in Russel-Street [illegible] Garden, and the Judges Head in Chancery-Lane, [illegible] Fleetstreet. MDCLXXXIV.

TO THE

LORD ELANDE,

Eldeſt Son to the Right Honourable the

Marquiſs of Hallifax.

My Lord,

IT was not without a great deal of debate with my ſelf, that I could reſolve to make this Preſent to Your Lordſhip: For though Epiſtles Dedicatory be lately grown ſo Epidemical, that either ſooner or later, no man of Quality (whom the leaſt Author has the leaſt pretence to be troubleſome to) can eſcape them; yet methought Your Lordſhip ſhould be as much above the common Perplexities that attend Your Quality, as You are above the common Level of it, as well in the moſt Exalted Degrees of a Noble Generous Spirit, as in a piercing Apprehenſion, good Underſtanding, and daily ripening Judgment, all ſweetned by an obliging Affability and Condeſcention; of which I have often, in the Honour of Your Converſation, had particular cauſe to be proud; and for which therefore, a more than ordinary reaſon, now, to be Grateful.

And it is upon that pretence, I here preſume to ſhelter this Trifle under Your Protection; for indeed, it has great need of ſuch Protection: having at its firſt coming into the World met with many Enemies, and

very induſtrious ones too; but this way I was ſure it muſt live: *Would He but once vouchſafe to eſpouſe its Defence, whoſe Generoſity will overthrow the ignobleſt Envy; whoſe good Nature, cannot but confound the moſt inveterate Malice; and whoſe Wit muſt baffle the ſaucieſt Ignorance.*

My Lord, It would but argue me of the meaneſt Impertinence and Formality, to pretend here an Harangue of thoſe Praiſes You deſerve: For he who tells the World whoſe Son You are, has ſaid enough to thoſe who do not know You; and the happy few, whom You have pick'd and choſen for Your Converſation, cannot but every hour You are pleaſed to beſtow upon them, be ſenſible of more than I could tell them in a Volume: Your Lordſhip being the beſt Panegyrick upon Your ſelf; the Son of that Great Father of his Country, who when all manner of Confuſion, Ruin, and Deſtruction, was breaking in upon us, like the Guardian Angel of theſe Kingdoms, ſtood up; and with the Tongue of an Angel too, confounded the Subtleties of that Infernal Serpent, who would have debauched us from our Obedience, and turned our *Eden* into a Wilderneſs. Certainly His Name muſt be for ever Honourable, Precious His Memory, and Happy His Generation, who durſt exert his Loyalty, when it was grown almoſt a reproach to have any, and ſtem a torrent of Faction, popular Fury, and fermenting Rebellion, to the Preſerving of the beſt of Kings in his Throne, and the happieſt of People in their Liberties.

May he live long to compleat the Reparations he has

has made in our Defence; ſtill by the ſtrength of his Judgment, to foreſee thoſe Evils that may yet threaten us, and by the Power of his Wiſdom to prevent them; to root out the Footing and Foundations of the Kings open (nay, and boſome) Enemies: As a watchful, bold, and ſincere Counſellor to his Maſter; to be a driver of Treacherous, Grinning, Self-ended Knaves, Inſinuating Spies, and uſeleſs unprofitable Fools from his Service: A Patron and and Promoter of Honeſty, Merit, and Ability, which elſe too often, by neglect, are corrupted to their Contraries.

In fine, to continue (as he is) a kind Indulgent Father to Your Lordſhip, ſo much every way his Son, and fit to Inherit his Honours, as in the ſtrong and ſhining Virtues of Your Mind, the fixt and ſteady diſpoſition of Your Loyalty, the goodneſs and obliging temper of Your Nature, is apparent; by which only I muſt ever humbly confeſs, and no preſumptive Merit of my own, I have been incouraged to take this Opportunity of telling the World how much I deſire to be thought,

Your Lordſhips

Humble Servant to be Commanded,

Tho. Otway.

Prologue

PROLOGUE.

Though Plays *and* Prologues *ne'er did more abound,*
Ne'er were good Prologues *harder to be found.*
To me the Cauſe ſeems eas'ly underſtood:
For there are Poets *prove not* very good,
Who, like baſe Sign-Poſt Dawbers, wanting Skill,
Steal from Great Maſters Hands, and Copy ill.
Thus, if by chance, before a Noble Feaſt
Of Gen'rous Wit, to whet and fit your Taſte,
Some poignant Satyr *in a* Prologue *riſe,*
And growing Vices *handſomly chaſtiſe;*
Each Poetaſter *thence preſumes on* Rules,
And ever after calls ye downright Fools.
Theſe Marks deſcribe him.———
Writing by rote; Small Wit, or none to ſpare;
Jangle and Chime's his Study, Toil, and Care:
He always in One Line upbraids the Age;
And a good Reaſon why; it Rymes to Stage.
With Wit *and* Pit *he keeps a hideous pother;*
Sure to be damn'd by One, for want of T'other:
But if, by chance, he get the French *Word* Raillery,
Lord, how he ſegues the Vizor-Maſques with Gallery!
'Tis ſaid, Aſtrologers ſtrange Wonders find
To come, in two great Planets *lately joyn'd.*
From our Two Houſes *joyning, moſt will hold,*
Vaſt Deluges of Dulneſs *were foretold.*
Poor Holborn Ballads *now being born away*
By Tides of duller Madrigals *than they;*
Jockeys *and* Jennyes *ſet to* Northern Airs,
While Lowſie Theſpis *chaunts at Country Fairs*
Politick Ditties, *full of Sage Debate,*
And Merry Catches, how to Rule the State.
Vicars *neglect their Flocks, to turn* Tranſlators,
And Barley-water Whey-fac'd Beau's *write* Satyrs;
Though none can gueſs to which moſt Praiſe belongs,
To the Learn'd Verſions, Scandals, *or the* Songs.
For all things now by Contraries ſucceed;
Of Wit *or* Vertue *there's no longer need:*
Beauty *ſubmits to him who loudlieſt rails;*

She

She fears the ſawcie Fop, and he prevails.
Who for his beſt Preferment would deviſe,
Let him renounce all Honeſty, *and riſe.*
Villains *and* Paraſites *Succeſs will gain;*
But in the Court of Wit, *ſhall* Dulneſs *Reign?*
No: Let th' angry 'Squire give his Iambicks *o're,*
Twirl Crevat-ſtrings, but write Lampoons *no more;*
Rhymeſters *get* Wit, *e'er they pretend to ſhew it,*
Nor think a Game at Cramboe *makes a* Poet:
Elſe is our Author hopeleſs of Succeſs,
But then his Study ſhall be next time leſs:
He'll find out Ways to your Applauſe, more eaſie;
That is, write worſe and worſe, till he can pleaſe ye.

EPILOGUE by Mr. *Duke* of *Cambridge.*

IT is not long ſince in the Noiſie Pit
Tumultuous Faction *ſate the Judge of* Wit;
There Knaves *applauded what their* Blockheads *writ.*
At a Whig-Brother's *Play, the Bawling Crowd*
Burſt out in Shouts, as zealous, *and as* loud,
As when ſome Member's *ſtout* Election-Beer
Gains the mad Voice *of a whole* Drunken Shire.
And yet, even then, our Poet's Truth was try'd,
Tho 'twas a Dev'liſh pull to ſtem the Tyde;
And tho he ne'er did Line of Treaſon *write,*
Nor made one Rocket *on Queen* Beſſe's *Night,*
Such was his Fortune, or ſo good his Cauſe,
Even then he fail'd not wholly of Applauſe.
He that could then *eſcape,* now *bolder grows:*
Since the Whig-Tyde *runs out, the* Loyal *flows.*
All you who lately here preſum'd to bawl,
Take warning from your Brethren at Guild-hall:
The Spirit of Rebellion *there is quell'd,*
And here your Poet's Acts *are all repeal'd:*
Impartial Juſtice *has reſum'd agen*
Her awful Seat, nor bears the Sword in vain.
The Stage *ſhall laſh the* Follies *of the Times,*
And the Laws Vengeance *overtake the* Crimes.

The

The Perjur'd Wretch *ſhall no Protection gain*
From his diſhonour'd Robe, *and* Golden Chain;
But ſtand expos'd to all th' inſulting Town,
While Rotten Eggs *bepaw the* Scarlet Gown.
Pack hence betimes, you that were never ſparing
To ſave the Land, *and* dam' your ſelves, *by* Swearing.
Shou'd the Wiſe City *now, to eaſe your Fears,*
Erect an Office to Inſure your Ears,
Thither ſuch num'rous Shoals of Witneſſes,
And Juries, *conſcious of their Guilt, wou'd preſs,*
That to the Chamber *hence might more be gain'd,*
Than ever Mother Creſwell *from it drain'd;*
And Perjury *to the* Orphans Bank *reſtore*
Whatever Whoredom *robb'd it of before.*

THE ACTORS NAMES.

Father to Beaugard.	Mr. *Leigh.*
Beaugard.	Mr. *Betterton.*
Courtine.	Mr. *Smith.*
Daredevil.	Mr. *Underhill.*
Theodoret.	Mr. *Wilſhire.*
Gratian.	Mr. *Perin.*
Porcia.	Mrs. *Barry.*
Lucretia.	Mrs. *Butler.*
Sylvia, Courtine's *Wife.*	Mrs. *Currer.*
Mrs. Furniſh, *an Exchange-woman.*	Mrs. *Osborn.*
Phillis, Porcia's *Woman.*	Mrs. *Percival.*
Chloris, Lucretia's *Woman.*	Mrs. *Norris.*
Roſard, Gratian's *Man.*	Mr. *Saunders.*
Plunder, Beaugard's *Man.*	Mr. *Richards.*
Six Ruffians.	
Footmen.	
Dwarf.	
A Page.	

THE ATHEIST:

Or, The Second Part of the SOLDIER's FORTUNE.

THE FIRST ACT.

Beaugard *and his* Father.

Beaug. SIR, I ſay, and ſay again, No Matrimony; I'll not be noos'd. Why, I beſeech you, Sir, tell me Plainly and fairly, What have I done, that I deſerve to be married!

Fath. Why, Sauce-box, I, your old Father, was married before you were born.

Beaug. Ay, Sir; and I thank you, the next thing you did, was, you begot me; the Conſequence of which was as follows: As ſoon as I was born, you ſent me to Nurſe, where I ſuckt two years at the dirty Dugs of a foul-feeding Witch, that liv'd in a thatch't Sty upon the neighb'ring Common; as ſoon as I was big enough, that you might be rid of me, you ſent me to a Place call'd a School, to be flaſh't and box't by a thick-fiſted Blockhead, that could not read himſelf; where I learnt no Letters, nor got no Meat, but ſuch as the old *Succubus* his Wife bought at a ſtinking Price, ſo over-run with Vermin, that it us'd to crawl home after her.

Fath. Sirrah, it was the more nouriſhing, and made ſuch young, idle Whoreſons as you fat, fat, you Rogue. I remember the young Dog at twelve years old had a broad, ſhining, pufft, Bacon-face, like a Cherubim; and now he won't marry.

Beaug. My next Removal was home again; and then you did not know what to do with me farther, till after a Twelve-months Deliberation, out of abundance of Fatherly Affection and Care of your Poſterity, you very civilly and fairly turn'd me out of your Doors.

Fath. The impudent, termagant, unruly Varlet rebell'd with too much Plenty, and took up Arms againſt my Concubine. Turn'd you out of my Doors!

Beaug. Yes, turn'd me out of Doors, Sir.

Fath. Had I not reason, Master Hector?

Beaug. As I had then, so have I now too, Sir, more Manners than to dispute the Pleasure of a Father.

Fath. Nay, the Rogue has Breeding, that's the truth on't; the Dog would be a very pretty Fellow, if I could but perswade him to marry.

Beaug. Turn'd out of Doors as I was, you may remember, Sir, you gave me not a Shilling; my Industry and my Vertue was all I had to trust to.

Fath. Bless us all! Industry and Vertue, quoth a! Nay, I have a very vertuous Son and Heir of him, that's the truth on't.

Beaug. Till at last a good Uncle, who now, Peace be with his Soul, sleeps with his Fathers, bestow'd a Portion of Two hundred pounds upon me, with which I took Shipping, and set Sail for the Coast of Fortune.

Fath. That is to say, You went to the Wars, to learn the Liberal Arts of Murder, Whoredom, Burning, Ravishing, and a few other necessary Accomplishments for a young Gentleman to set up a Livelihood withal, in this Civil Government, where, Heav'n be prais'd, none of those Vertues need grow rusty.

Beaug. Sir, I hope I have brought you no Dishonour home with me.

Fath. Nay, the *Scanderbeg*-Monkey has not behav'd himself unhandsomly, that's the truth of the Bus'ness; but the Varlet won't marry: the Dog has got Two thousand pound a year left him by an old curmudgeonly moldy Uncle, and I can't perswade him to marry.

Beaug. Sir, that curmudgeonly moldy Uncle you speak of, was your Elder Brother, and never married in all his Life: He, dying, bequeaths me Two thousand pound a year: You, Sir, the younger Brother, and my honoured Father, have been married, and are not able, for ought I can perceive, to leave me a bent Ninepence: So, Sir, I wish you a great deal of Health, Long life, and merry as it has been hitherto; but for Marriage, it has thriven so very ill with my Family already, that I am resolved to have nothing to do with it.

Fath. Here's a Rogue! Here's a Villain! Why, Sirrah, you have lost all Grace; you have no Duty left; you are a Rebel: I shall see you hang'd, Sirrah. Come, come, let me examine you a little, while I think on't: What Religion are you of?——hah?——

Beaug. Sir, I hope you took care, after I was born, to see me Christen'd.

Fath. Oh Lord! Christen'd! Here's an Atheistical Rogue, thinks he has Religion enough, if he can but call himself a Christian!

Beaug. Why, Sir, would you have me disown my Baptism?

Fath. No, Sirrah: but I would have you own what sort of Christian you are though

Beaug. What sort, Sir?

Fath. Ay, Sir; what sort, Sir.

Beaug. Why, of the honestest sort.

Fath. As if there were not Knaves of all sorts!

Beaug. Why then, Sir, if that will satisfie you, I am of your sort.

Fath. And that, for ought you know, may be of no sort at all.

Beaug. But

Beaug. But, Sir, to make ſhort of the matter, I am of the Religion of my Country, hate Perſecution and Penance, love Conformity, which is going to Church once a Month, well enough; reſolve to make this tranſitory Life as pleaſant and delightful as I can; and for ſome ſober Reaſons beſt known to my ſelf, reſolve never to marry.

Fath. Look me in the Face; ſtand ſtill, and look me in the Face. So; you won't marry?——

Beaug. No, Sir.

Fath. Oh Lord!

Beaug. But I'll do ſomething that ſhall be more for your good, and perhaps may pleaſe you as well. Knowing Fortune of late has not been altogeter ſo good-natur'd as ſhe might have been, and that your Revenues are ſomething anticipated, be pleas'd, Sir, to go home as well ſatisfi'd as you can, and my Servant ſhall not fail to meet you at your Lodgings, with a Hundred ſmiling Smock-fac't *Guinea's*, within this half-hour: Now who the Devil would marry?

Fath. No Body that has half an ounce of Brains in his Noddle: The ungodly good-natur'd Rogue is in the right on't; damnably, damnably in the right on't.

Beaug. So, here's your Father for you now!

Fath. But look you *Jack* now, little *Jack*, Two thouſand pounds a year! Why thou wilt be a damnable rich Rogue now, if thou doſt not marry; though I know thou wilt live bravely and deliciouſly, eat and drink nobly, have always half a dozen honeſt, jolly, true-ſpirited, ſprightly Friends about thee, and ſo forth, hah! Then for Marriage, to ſpeak the truth on't, it is at the beſt but a chargeable, vexatious, uneaſie ſort of Life; it ruin'd me, *Jack*; utterly ruin'd thy poor old Father, *Jack*. Thou wilt be ſure to remember the Hundred pound, *Jackie*-boy, hah?

Beaug. Moſt punctually, Sir.

Fath. Thou ſhalt always, ever now and then, that is, lend thy old Father a Hundred pound, or ſo, upon a good occaſion, *Jack*, after this manner, in a Friendly way: You muſt make much of your old Daddy, *Jack*: But if thou haſt no mind to't, the truth on't is, I would never have thee marry.

Beaug. Not marry, Sir?

Fath. No.

Beaug. No?

Fath. No. A Hundred Pound, *Jack*, is a pretty little round Sum.

Beaug. I'll not fail of ſending it.

Fath. Then, *Jack*, it will do as well to let thy Man come to me to *Harry the Eighth's Head* in the Back Street, behind my Lodgings: There's a Cup of ſmart Racy Canary, *Jack*, will make an old Fellow's Heart as light as a Feather. Ah, little *Jackie*-rogue, it Glorifies through the Glaſs, and the Nits dance about in't like Attoms in the Sun-ſhine, you young Dog.

Beaug. Do you intend to Dine there, Sir?

Fath. Ay, Man; I have two or three bonny old *Tilbury* Royſterers, with delicate red Faces, and bald Crowns, that have obliged me to meet

'em there; they helpt me to ſpend my Eſtate when I was young, and the Rogues are grateful, and do not forſake me now I am grown pooriſh and old.——Almoſt Twelve a clock, *Jack.*

Beaug. I'll be ſure to remember, Sir.

Fath. And thou wilt never marry!

Beaug. Never, I hope, Sir.

Fath. Ah, you wicked-hearted Rogue, I know what you will do then, that will be worſe, though, I think, not much worſe neither. Would I were a young Fellow again, but to keep him Company for one Week or a Fortnight. A hundred *Guinea's!* e e e e! Db'ny *Jack*, You'l remember? See thee agen to morrow, *Jack.*—— Poor *Jack!* Dainty Canary——and a delicate Black-ey'd Wench at the Bar! Db'ny *Jack.*

Beaug. Adieu, Father.——*Fourbine.*

Fourb. Did your Honour call?

Beaug. Take a hundred *Guinea's* out of the Cabinet, and carry 'em after the Old Gentleman to his Place of Rendezvous. This Father of mine (Heav'n be thanked) is a very ungodly Father: He was in his Youth juſt ſuch another wicked Fellow as his Son *John* here; but he had no Eſtate, there I have the better of him: for out of meer Opinion of my Good-husbandry, my Uncle thought fit to diſinherit the extravagant Old Gentleman, and leave all to me. Then he was married, there I had the better of him again; yet he married a Fortune of Ten thou[illegible]d pound, and before I was Seven years old, had broke my Mothers Heart, and ſpent three parts of her Portion: Afterwards he was pleas'd to retain a certain Familiar Domeſtick, call'd a Houſe-keeper, which I one day, to ſhew my Breeding, call'd Whore, and was fairly turn'd a ſtarving for it. Now he has no way to ſqueeze me out of Contribution, but by taking up his Fatherly Authority, and offering to put the Penal Law call'd Marriage in execution. I muſt e'en get him a Governour, and ſend him with a Penſion into the Country: Ay, it muſt be ſo; For, Wedlock, I deny thee; Father, I'll ſupply thee; and, Pleaſure, I will have thee. Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Oh, Sir, the moſt fortunate Tidings!

Beaug. What's the matter?

Serv. Captain *Courtine*, your old Acquaintance, Friend, and Comrade, is juſt arrived out of the Country, and deſires to ſee you, Sir.

Beaug. Courtine! Wait on him up, you Dog, with Reverence and Honour.

Enter Courtine.

Court. Dear *Beaugard!*

Beaug. Ah, Friend!——from the very tendereſt part of my Heart I was juſt now wiſhing for thee. Why thou lookſt as like a Married-man already, with as grave a Fatherly Famelick Countenance, as ever I ſaw.

Court. Ay, *Beaugard*, I am married, that's my Comfort: But you, I hear,

hear, have had worſe Luck of late; an old Uncle dropt into the Grave, and Two thouſand pound a year into your Pocket, *Beaugard.*

Beaug. A ſmall Conveniency, *Ned*, to make my Happineſs hereafter a little more of a piece than it has been hitherto, in the Enjoyment of ſuch hearty, ſincere, honeſt Friends, and good-natur'd Fellows, as thou art.

Court. Sincere, honeſt Friends! Have a care there, *Beaugard.*——I am, ſince I ſaw thee, in a few words, grown an errant Raskal; and for Good-nature, it is the very thing I have ſolemnly forſworn: no, I am married, *Jack*, in the Devil's name, I am married.

Beaug. Married! That is, thou call'ſt a Woman thou likeſt by the name of Wife: Wife and t'other thing begin with a Letter. Thou lieſt with her when thy Appetite calls thee, keepeſt the Children thou begetteſt of her Body; alloweſt her Meat, Drink, and Garments, fit for her Quality, and thy Fortune; and when ſhe grows heavy upon thy Hands, what a' Pox, 'tis but a Separate-maintenance, kiſs and part, and there is an end of the Bus'neſs.

Court. Alas, *Beaugard*, thou art utterly miſtaken; Heav'n knows it is quite on the contrary: For I am forced to call a Woman I do not like, by the name of Wife; and lie with her, for the moſt part, with no Appetite at all; muſt keep the Children that, for ought I know, any Body elſe may beget of her Body; and for Food and Rayment, by her good will ſhe would have them both Freſh three times a day: Then for Kiſs and part, I may kiſs and kiſs my Heart out, but the Devil a bit ſhall I ever get rid of her.

Beaug. Alas, poor Husband! But art thou really in this miſerable Condition?

Court. Ten times worſe, if poſſible: By the vertue of Matrimony, and long Cohabitation, we are grown ſo really One Fleſh, that I have no more Inclination to hers, than to eat a piece of my own. Then her Ladiſhip is ſo Jealous, that ſhe does me the Honour to make me Stalion-general to the whole Pariſh, from the Parſon's Importance in Paragon, to the Cobler's ſcolding Wife, that drinks Brandy, and ſmoaks loathſom Tobacco. In ſhort, *Jack*, ſhe has ſo order'd the Bus'neſs, that I am half weary of the World, wiſh all Mankind hang'd, and have not laugh'd theſe Six months.

Beaug. Ha, ha, ha!

Court. Why, thou canſt laugh, I ſee, though.

Beaug. Ay, *Ned*, I have Two thouſand pound *per Annum*, *Ned*, old Rents, and well Tenanted; have no Wife, nor ever will have any, *Ned*; reſolve to make my Days of Mortality all Joyful, and Nights Pleaſurable, with ſome dear, loveſom, young, beautiful, kind, generous She, that every Night ſhall bring me all the Joys of a New Bride, and none of the Vexations of a worn-out, inſipid, troubleſom, jealous Wife, Wife, *Ned.*

Court. But where lies this Treaſure? Where is there ſuch a Jewel to be found?

Beaug. Ah, Rogue! Do you deſpiſe your own Manna indeed, and long after Quails? Why, thou unconſcionable Hobnail, thou Country Cowl-ſtaff, thou abſolute Piece of thy own dry'd Dirt, wouldſt thou have the Impudence, with that hideous Beard, and griſly Countenance, to make thy

Appearance

Appearance before the Footſtool of a *Bona Roba* that I delight in? For ſhame get off that *Smithfield* Horſecourſers Equipage; Appear once more like *Courtine* the Gay, the Witty, and Unbounded, with Joy in thy Face, and Love in thy Blood, Money in thy Pockets, and good Cloaths on thy Back; and then I'll try to give thee a *Recipe* that may purge away thoſe foul Humours Matrimony has bred in thee, and fit thee to reliſh the Sins of thy Youth again. Bleſs us! What a Beard's there? It puts me in mind of the Blazing Star.

Court. Beard, *Beaugard!* Why, I wear it on purpoſe, Man; I have wiſh't it a Furze-buſh a thouſand times, when I have been kiſſing my——

Beaug. Whom?——

Court. Wife.——Let me never live to bury her, if the word Wife does not ſtick in my Throat.

Beaug. Then this Peruque! Why, it makes thee ſhew like the Sign of a Head looking out at a Barbers Window.

Court. No more, no more; all ſhall be rectified: For, to deal with thee as honeſtly as a Fellow in my damn'd Condition can do, e'er I reſolv'd abſolutely to hang my ſelf, I thought there might be ſome Remedy left; and that was this dear Town, and thy dear Friendſhip: So that, in ſhort, I am very fairly run away; pretended a ſhort Journey to viſit a Friend, but came to *London*; and, if it be poſſible, will not ſee Country, Wife, nor Children agen theſe ſeven years. Therefore, prethee, for my better Encouragement, tell me a little what Sins are ſtirring in this Noble Metropolis, that I may know my Buſ'neſs the better, and fall to it as faſt as I can.

Beaug. Why, 'faith, *Ned*, conſidering the Plot, the Danger of the Times, and ſome other Obſtructions of Trade and Commerce, Iniquity in the general has not loſt much Ground. There's Cheating and Hypocriſie ſtill in the City; Riot and Murder in the Suburbs; Grinning, Lying, Fawning, Flattery, and Falſe-promiſing at Court; Aſſignations at *Covent-garden* Church; Cuckolds, Whores, Pimps, Panders, Bawds, and their Diſeaſes, all over the Town.

Court. But what Choice Spirits, what Extraordinary Raſcals may a Man oblige his Curioſity withal?

Beaug. I'll tell thee: In the firſt place, we are over-run with a Race of Vermin they call Wits, a Generation of Inſects that are always making a Noiſe, and buzzing about your Ears, concerning Poets, Plays, Lampoons, Libels, Songs, Tunes, Soft Scenes, Love, Ladies, Peruques, and Crevat-ſtrings, *French* Conqueſts, Duels, Religion, Snuff-boxes, Points, Garnitures, Mill'd Stockings, *Foubert*'s Academy, Politicks, Parliament-Speeches, and every thing elſe which they do not underſtand, or would have the World think they did.

Court. And are all theſe Wits?

Beaug. Yes, and be hang'd to 'em, theſe are the Wits.

Court. I never knew one of theſe Wits in my Life, that did not deſerve to be Pillory'd; twenty to one if half of 'em can read, and yet they will venture at Learning as familiarly, as if they had been bred in the *Vatican*.

One

One of 'em told me one day, he thought *Plutarch* well done would make the best *English* Heroick Poem in the World. Besides, they will rail, cavil, censure, and, what is worst of all, make Jests; the dull Rogues will Jest, though they do it as awkerdly as a Tarpawlin would ride the Great Horse. I hate a pert, dull, Jesting Rogue from the bottom of my Heart.

Beaug. But above all, the most abominable is your Witty Squire, your young Heir that is very Witty; who having newly been discharg'd from the Discretion of a Governour, and come to keep his own Money, gets into a Cabal of Coxcombs of the Third Form, who will be sure to cry him up for a Fine Person, that he may think all them so.

Court. Oh, your Asses know one anothers Nature exactly, and are always ready to nabble, because it is the certain way to be nabbled again: But above all the rest, what think you of the Atheist?

Beaug. By this good Light, thou hast prevented me: I have one for thee of that Kind, the most unimitable Varlet, and the most insufferable Stinkard living; one that has Doubts enow to turn to all Religions, and yet would fain pretend to be of none: In short, a Cheat, that would have you of opinion that he believes neither Heav'n nor Hell, and yet never feels so much as an Ague-fit, but he's afraid of being damn'd.

Court. That must be a very Noble Champion, and certainly an Original.

Beaug. The Villain has less Sincerity than a Bawd, less Courage than a Hector, less Good-nature than a Hangman, and less Charity than a Phanatique; talks of Religion and Church-Worship as familiarly as a little Courtier does of the Maids of Honour; and swears the King deserves to be Chan'd out of the City, for suffering Zealous Fools to build *Pauls* again, when it would make so proper a Place for a Citadel.

Court. A very worthy Member of a Christian Commonwealth, that is the truth on't.

Beaug. I am intimately acquainted with him.

Court. I honour you for't, with all my Heart, Sir.

Beaug. After all, the Rogue has some other little tiny Vices, that are not very ungrateful.

Court. Very probable.

Beaug. He makes a very good odd Man at *Ballum-rancum*, or so; that is, when the rest of the Company is coupled, will take care to see there's good Attendance paid; and when we have a mind to make a *Ballum* of it indeed, there is no Lewdness so scandalous that he will not be very proud to have the Honour to be put upon.

Court. A very necessary Instrument of Damnation, truly.

Beaug. Besides, to give the Devil his due, he is seldom Impertinent; but, barring his Darling-Topick, Blasphemy, a Companion pleasant enough. Shall I recommend him to thy Service? I'll enter into Bonds of Five hundred pounds, that he teaches thee as good a way to get rid of that Whip and a Bell, call'd thy Wife, as thy Heart would wish for.

Court. And that is no small Temptation, I assure you.

Exit

Enter Boy, *with a Letter.*

Boy. Sir!

Beaug. My Child!

Court. A Pimp, for a *Guiny*, he ſpeaks ſo gently to him.

Beaug. Tell her, ſhe has undone me, ſhe has choſen the only way to enſlave me utterly; tell her, my Soul, my Life, my future Happineſs, and preſent Fortune, are only what ſhe'll make 'em.

Boy. At Seven, Sir.

Beaug. Moſt infallibly.

Court. Ay, ay, 'tis ſo: Now what a damn'd Country-Itch have I, to dive into the Secret! *Beaugard*, *Beaugard*, are all things in a readineſs? the Husband out of the way, the Family diſpos'd of? Come, come, come, no trifling; be free-hearted and friendly.

Beaug. You are married, *Ned*, you are married; that's all I have to ſay: you are married.

Court. Let a Man do a fooliſh thing once in his Life-time, and he ſhall always hear of it.—Married, quoth 'a! Prethee be patient: I was married about a Twelvemonth ago, but that's paſt and forgotten. Come, come, communicate, communicate, if thou art a Friend, communicate.

Beaug. Not a Tittle. I have Conſcience, *Ned*, Conſcience; tho I muſt confeſs 'tis not altogether ſo Gentleman-like a Companion: But what a Scandal would it be upon a Man of my ſober Demeanour and Character, to have the unmerciful Tongue of thy Legitimate Spouſe roaring againſt me, for Debauching her Natural Husband!

Court. It has been otherwiſe, Sir.

Beaug. Ay, ay, the time has been, *Courtine*, when thou wert in poſſeſſion of thy Natural Freedom, and mighteſt be truſted with a Secret of this dear nature; when I might have open'd this Billet, and ſhew'd thee this bewitching Name at the bottom: But wo and alas! O Matrimony, Matrimony! what a Blot art thou in an honeſt Fellows Scutcheon!

Court. No more to be ſaid; I'll into the Country again, like any diſcontented Stateſman, get drunk every Night with an adjacent Schoolmaſter, beat my Wife to a downright Houſekeeper, get all my Maid-ſervants every Year with Baſtards, till I can command a *Seraglio* five Miles round my own Palace, and be beholden to no Man of Two thouſand pound a year for a Whore, when I want one.

Beaug. Good words, *Ned*, good words, let me adviſe you; none of your Mariage-qualities of Scolding and Railing, now you are got out of the turbulent Element. Come hither, come; but firſt let us capitulate: Will you promiſe me, upon your Conjugal Credit, to be very governable, and very civil?

Court. As any made Spaniel, or hang me up for a Cur.

Beaug. Then this Note, this very Billet, *Ned*, comes from a Woman, who, when I was ſtrowling very penſively laſt *Sunday* to Church, watch't her Opportunity, and poach'd me up for the Service of Satan.

Court.

Court. Is ſhe very handſom, *Beaugard?*

Beaug. Theſe Country Squires, when they get up to Town, are as termagant after a Wench, as a ty'd-up hungry Cur, got looſe from Kennel, is after Cruſts. Very handſom, ſaid you? Let me ſee: No, not very handſom neither; but ſhe'll paſs, *Ned*, ſhe'll paſs.

Court. Young?

Beaug. About Eighteen.

Court. Oh Lord!

Beaug. Her Complexion fair, with a glowing Bluſh always ready in her Cheeks, that looks as Nature were watching every Opportunity to ſeize and run away with her.

Court. Oh the Devil, the Devil! This is intolerable.

Beaug. Her Eyes black, ſparkling, ſpriteful, hot, and piercing.

Court. The very Deſcription of her ſhoots me through my Liver.

Beaug. Her Hair of a delicate light Amber-brown, curling in huge Rings, and of a great Quantity.

Court. So.

Beaug. Her Forehead large, Majeſtick, and generous.

Court. Very well.

Beaug. Her Noſe neat, and well-faſhioned.

Court. Good.

Beaug. With a delicious, little, pretty, ſmiling Mouth.

Court. Oh!

Beaug. Plump, red, blub Lips.

Court. Ah h———

Beaug. Teeth whiter than ſo many little Pearls; a bewitching Neck, and tempting, riſing, ſwelling Breaſts.

Court. Ah h h h h——

Beaug. Then ſuch a Proportion, ſuch a Shape, ſuch a Waſte——

Court. Hold: Go no lower, if thou lov'ſt me.

Beaug. But, by your leave, Friend, I hope to go ſomething lower, if ſhe loves me.

Court. But art thou certain, *Beaugard*, ſhe is all this thou haſt told me? So fair, ſo tempting, ſo lovely, ſo bewitching?

Beaug. No; for, you muſt know, I never ſaw her Face in my Life: But I love my own Pleaſure ſo well, that I'll imagine all this, and ten times more, if it be poſſible.

Court. Where lives ſhe?

Beaug. That I know not neither; but my Orders are to meet her fairly and ſquarely this Evening by Seven, at a certain Civil Perſons Shop in the Upper Walk, at the New Exchange, where ſhe promiſes to be very good natur'd, and let me know more of her Mind.

Court. I'll e'en go home, like a miſerable Blockhead as I am, to my Lodging, and ſleep.

Beaug. No, *Ned*: Thou knoweſt my good Chances have always been luckie to thee: Who can tell but this Lady-errant that has ſeis'd upon my Perſon, may have a ſtragling Companion, or ſo, not unworthy my Friend's.

Court. 'Tis impoſſible.

Beaug. Not at all; for, to deal heartily with thee in this Buſineſs, tho I never ſaw her Face, or know who ſhe is, yet thus far I am ſatisfied, ſhe is a Woman very witty, very well bred, of a pleaſant Converſation, with a generous Diſpoſition, and, what is better than all, if I am not extremely miſinform'd, of Noble Quality, and damnably Rich. Such a one cannot want good, pretty, little, Under-ſinners, *Ned*, that a Man may fool away an Hour or two withal very comfortably.

Court. Why then I'll be a Man again. Wife, avaunt, and come not near my Memory; Impotence attends the very Thoughts of thee. At Seven, you ſay, this Evening?

Beaug. Preciſely.

Court. And ſhall I go along with thee, for a ſmall Venture in this Love-Voyage?

Beaug. With all my Heart.

Court. But how ſhall we diſpoſe of the burdenſom Time, till the happy Minute ſmile upon us?

Beaug. With Love's beſt Friend, and our own honeſt old Acquaintance, edifying *Champagn*, *Ned*; and for good Company, tho it be a Rarity, I'll carry thee to dine with the beſt I can meet with, where we'll warm our Blood and Thoughts with generous Glaſſes, and free-hearted Converſe, till we forget the World, and think of nothing but Immortal Beauties, and Eternal Loving.

Court. Then here I ſtrike the League with thee: And now Methinks w'are both upon the Wing together,
Bound for new Realms of Joy, and Lands of Pleaſure;
Where Men were never yet enſlav'd by Wiving,
But all their Cares are handſomly contriving
T'improve the Noble Arts of Perfect Living.

End of the Firſt Act.

THE SECOND ACT.

Courtine *and* Beaugard.

Court. But was that thy Father?

Beaug. Yes, that civil, ſober, old Gentleman, *Courtine*, is my Father; And, to tell thee the truth, as Wicked and as Poor as ever his Son was. I ſent him a Cordial of a hundred *Guinea's* this Morning, which he

he will be ſure to loſe all before to morrow Morning, and not have a Shilling to help himſelf.

Court. Methoughts, as I look'd into the Room, he ratled the Box with a great deal of Grace, and ſwore half a dozen Rappers very youthfully.

Beaug. Prithee no more on't, tis an irreverent Theme; and next to Atheiſm, I hate making merry with the Frailties of my Father.

Court. But then as to the Lady, *Beaugard.*

Beaug. 'Tis near the Hour appointed, and that's the Shop we meet at; the Miſtreſs of it, *Courtine*, is a hearty Well-wiſher to the Mathematicks, and her Influence, I hope, may have no ill Effect o're my Adventure.

Court. Methinks this Place looks as it were made for Loving: The Lights on each hand of the Walk look ſtately; and then the Ruſling of Silk Petticoats, the Din and the Chatter of the pretty little party-colour'd Parrots, that hop and flutter from one ſide to t'other, puts every Senſe upon its proper Office, and ſets the Wheels of Nature finely moving.

Beaug. Would the Lady of my Motion would make haſte, and be punctual; the Wheels of my Nature move ſo faſt elſe, that the Weight will be down before ſhe comes.

Woman. Gloves or Ribbands, Sir? Very good Gloves or Ribbands, Choice of fine Eſſences. Captain *Beaugard*, ſhall I ſell you nothing to day?

Beaug. Truly, Miſtreſs *Furniſh*, I am come to lay out a Heart at your Shop this Evening, if my pretty Merchant-Adventurer don't fail to meet me here.

Wom. What ſhe that ſpoil'd your Devotion o' *Sunday* laſt, Captain?

Beaug. Doſt thou know her, my little *Furniſh*?

Wom. There is a certain Lady in the World, Sir, that has done me the Honour to let me ſee her at my poor Shop ſometimes.

Enter Porcia *masqu'd, and ſtands behind* Beaugard.

Beaug. And is ſhe very lovely?

Wom. What think you, Sir?

Beaug. Faith, charitably enough.

Wom. I'll ſwear ſhe is obliged to you.

Beaug. And I would very fain be obliged to her too, if 'twere poſſible. Will ſhe be here to night?

Porcia. Yes marry will ſhe, Captain.

Beaug. Are you there indeed, my little Picaroon? What, attaque a Man of War of my Burden in the Stern, Pirate!

Porcia. Lord, how like a Soldier you are pleas'd to expreſs your ſelf now! I warrant you, to carry on the Metaphor, you have forty more merry-things to ſay to me upon this Occaſion; as, plying your Chaſe-guns, laying your ſelf athwart my Harſer, boarding me upon the Forecaſtle, clapping all under Hatches, carrying of the Prize to the next Port of Security, and there rummaging and rifling her. Alas, poor Captain!

Court. Poor, Madam! He has Two thouſand a year, and nothing but an old Father to provide for.

Porcia. Sir, is this fine, ſober, brown-bearded Gentleman to be your Steward, he underſtands your Affairs ſo well already?

Beaug. The truth on't is, Madam, he does wait for an Office under me, and may in time, if he behave himſelf handſomly, come to Preferment.

Court. This I have got by my Beard already. If ſhe ſhould but know me now.

Beaug. Well, Madam, are your Commands ready? May I know the Task I am to undertake, before I lay claim to the Happineſs of ſeeing that handſom, homely, fair, black, young, ancient, tempting or frightful Face, which you conceal ſo maliciouſly? For hang me, as I have deſerved long ago, if I know what to make of this extraordinary Proceeding of yours.

Porcia. In the firſt place, Captain, this Face of mine, be it what it will, if you behave your ſelf as you ſhould do, ſhall never put you out of Countenance.

Beaug. In troth, and that's ſaid kindly.

Porcia. For I am young, Captain.

Beaug. I am glad on't with all my Heart.

Porcia. And, if the World ſpeaks truth, not very ugly.

Beaug. So much the better ſtill.

Porcia. Next, I'm no Hypocrite.

Beaug. Hah!

Porcia. But love my Pleaſures, and will hold my Liberty.

Beaug. Noble.

Porcia. I am rich too.

Beaug. Better and better.

Porcia. But what's worſt of all——

Beaug. Out with't.

Porcia. I doubt I am ſillily in Love.

Court. With whom, dear Miracle?

Porcia. Not with a Married-man, ſweet Monſieur *Courtine.*

Court. Confound her, but ſhe knows me.—— Why, good Madam——

Beaug. Nay, Friend, no ruffling; keep your Articles, and keep your Diſtance.

Porcia. Have you then made your Eſcape, Sir, from your dear Wife, the Lady-Tyrant of your Enchanted Caſtle in the Country, to run a wandring after new Adventures here? Oh all the Windmills about *London*, beware!

Court. Ay, and the Watermills too, Madam. In the Devil's name, what will become of me!

Porcia. For the *Quixot* of the Country is abroad; Murder by his Side, Enterpriſes in his Head, and Horrour in his Face.

Court. Oh Lord!

Beaug. Do you know this Friend of mine then, Madam?

Porcia. I have heard of ſuch a Hero, that was very famous about two years ſince, for ſelling himſelf to a Plantation, the Country, for Five thouſand pound: Was not that the Price, Sir?

Court. Your Ladiſhip is pleas'd to be very free, Madam; that's all.

Porcia. So

Porcia. So were you at that time, Sir, or you had ne'er parted with your dear Liberty on ſuch reaſonable Terms ſurely. Bleſs us! Had you but lookt about you a little, what a Market might have been made of that tall, proper, promiſing Perſon of yours! that——

Court. Hell confound thee, heartily, heartily.

Porcia. That Face, which now, o're-grown with ruful Beard, looks as you had ſtole it from the Retinue of a *Ruſſian* Embaſſie! Fough! I fancy all Fellows that are married ſmell of Train-oyl and Garlick.

Beaug. And yet, twenty to one, that is a ſtinking Condition you'll have a deſign to ſeduce ſome poor doating Monſter or another into, one day.

Porcia. Never, by that Badge of Slavery, his Beard there.

Beaug. How that dear Proteſtation has charm'd me!

Court. O' my Conſcience I my ſelf could be half reconcil'd to her again too.

Porcia. In ſhort, to give you one infallible Argument, that I never will marry, I have been married already, that is, ſold: for being the Daughter of a very rich Merchant, who dying left me the onely Heireſs of an immenſe Fortune, it was my ill luck to fall into the Hands of Guardians, that, to ſpeak properly, were Raskals; for in a ſhort time they conſpired amongſt themſelves, and for baſe Bribes, betray'd, ſold, and married me to a——Husband, that's all.

Beaug. In troth, and that's enough of all conſcience: But where is this Husband?

Porcia. Heav'n be thanked, dead and buried, Captain.

Beaug. Amen, with all my Heart.

Court. A Widow, by my Manhood, a downright Bawdy Widow.

Porcia. What would your Cream-pot in the Country give for that Title, think you?

Court. Not more than I would, that thy Husband were alive agen, to revenge my Quarrel on thee.

Beaug. And what's to be done, thou dear One?

Porcia. Look upon me as a Lady in diſtreſs, Captain; and by the Honour of a Soldier conſider on ſome way for my Deliverance.

Beaug. From what? Where is the Danger?

Porcia. Every way it threatens me: For into the very Hands my ill Fortune threw me before, has it betray'd me again, Friend.

Beaug. Hah!

Porcia. The Principal is an Uncle, old, jealous, tyrannical, and covetous.

Beaug. Hell confound him for it.

Porcia. My Fortune lying moſt in his Hands, obliged me upon my Widowhood to give up my ſelf again there too, where he has ſecured and confin'd me with more Tyranny, than if I had been a Priſ'ner for Murder; guards me Day and Night with ill-lookt Rogues, that wear long, broad, terrible Swords, and ſtand Centinel up and down the Houſe with Muſquetoons and Blunderbuſſes.

Court. So, here's like to be ſome Miſchief going forward, that's one Comfort.

Porcia. Murder

Porcia. Murder and Marriage are the two dreadful things I seem to be threatned with: Now guess what pity it is that ever either of those Mischiefs should fall upon me.

Beaug. By the gallant Spirit that's in thee, I'll fairly be Gibetted first.

Porcia. No need of that, Captain, neither: for, to shew you I deserve your Protection, I have had the Courage to break Gaol, run away, and make my Escape hither, purely to keep my Word with you. Deal like a Man of Honour by me; and when the Storm that will follow is a little blown over, here's a white Hand upon't, I'll not be ungrateful.

Beaug. And in token I believe thee, I'll kiss it most Religiously.

Court. Why the Devil did I marry? Madam, one word with you: Have you never a married Lady of your Acquaintance, that's as good-natur'd as you, and would fain be a Widow as you are, too.

Porcia. Why do you ask, Sir?

Court. Because I would cut her Husband's Throat, and make her one for my own proper use.

Porcia. I'll ask your own Lady, Sir, that Question next time I see her, if you please.

Court. Why, dost thou know her then?

Porcia. Yes.

Court. Then I may chance shortly to have a fine time on't: I have made a pretty Evenings Work of this, Heav'ns be prais'd.

Enter two Men disguis'd.

1 *Man.* Run away lewdly! Damnation!

2 *Man.* Look!

1 *Man.* By Heav'n, it must be she.

2 *Man.* The Men are well Arm'd!

1 *Man.* No matter; we must carry her, or all's lost else.

2 *Man.* I'll not shrink from you.

1 *Man.* That's well said. Sir, if you please, a Word with you.

Beaug. With me, Sir?

1 *Man.* Yes.

Beaug. Courtine, be civil a little.

1 *Man.* Sir, it is my Misfortune to be concerned for the Honour of a Lady that has not been altogether so careful of it her self as she ought to have been.

Beaug. I am sorry for't, Sir.

1 *Man.* You being a Gentleman whose Character I have had an advantagious Account of, I would make it my Petition to you, if she be of your Acquaintance, not to engage your self in any thing that may give me occasion to be your Enemy.

Beaug. Sir, I should be highly glad of any brave Man's Friendship, and should be troubled if I appear concern'd in any thing that may hazard the loss of yours.

1 *Man.* That Lady, Sir, you talkt with that's——

Beaug. My

Beaug. My Miſtreſs, Sir.

1 *Man.* Miſtreſs!

Beaug. Yes, Miſtreſs, Sir: I love her, doat on her, am damnably in love with her; ſhe is under my Protection too, and when ever there's occaſion, as far as this ſinful Body of mine will bear me out in it, I'll defend her.

1 *Man.* Do you know her?

Beaug. Not ſo well as I would do, Sir.

1 *Man.* What's her Name?

Beaug. A Secret.

1 *Man.* She muſt along with me, Sir.

Beaug. No, that muſt not be, Sir.

2 *Man.* This Lady, Sir——

Court. You lie, Sir——Hah!——*Beaugard!* [*Draw, and fight.* Porcia *runs away ſqueaking.* Courtine *diſarms his Adverſary, and comes up to* Beaugard.

Beaug. Stand faſt, *Ned.*

Court. Hold thy dead-doing Hand, Thou Son of Slaughter.

1 *Man.* Sir, there may come a time——

Beaug. When you'l learn Manners.

1 *Man.* And teach 'em you too.

Court. We are well known.

1 *Man.* And ſhall not be forgotten. Come, Friend. [*Exeunt two Men.*

Beaug. Confound 'em! This muſt be a Brother, a Kinſman, or a Rival, he ply'd me ſo warmly.

Court. 'Tis a hard caſe, that a Man cannot hold Civil Correſpondence with a good-natur'd Female, but preſently ſome hot-headed Fellow of the Family or other runs horn-mad with Jealouſie, and fancies his Blood ſmarts as often as the Womans itches.

Beaug. This Heroick Perſon's Siſter, Kinſwoman, his Miſtreſs, or what-e'er ſhe be, is like to get much Reputation by his Hectoring and Quarrelling for her; and he as much Honour, by being beaten for her.

Court. Nay, when Cuckolds or Brothers fight for the Reputation of a back-ſliding Wife or Siſter, it is a very pretty Undertaking, doubtleſs. As for example; I am a Cuckold now.

Beaug. All in good time, *Ned*; do not be too haſty.

Court. And being much troubled in Spirit, meeting with the Spark that has done me the Honour, with a great deal of reſpect I make my Addreſs,—as thus,——*Moſt Noble Sir, you have done me the Favour to lie with my Wife.*

Beaug. Very well.

Court. *All I beg of you, is, that you would do your beſt endeavour to run me through the Guts to morrow morning, and it will be the greateſt Satisfaction in the World.*

Beaug. Which the good-natur'd Whoremaſter does very decently, ſo down falls the Cuckold at *Barn-elms*, and riſes again next day at *Holborn* in a Ballad. But all this while, what is become of the Widow, *Ned*?

Court. Faith ſhe has e'en done very wiſely, I think; as ſoon as ſhe had ſet us together by the Ears, ſhe very fairly ran for't.

Beaug. A very noble Account of our firſt Evenings Enterpriſe! But a Pox on't, take Courage; and ſince we have loſt this Quarry, let us e'en beat about a little, and ſee what other Game we can meet with.

Enter Lucrece *Maſqu'd.*

Lucr. Sir, Sir! Captain!

Court. With you again, *Beaugard.* Agare ho!

Beaug. With me, my Miſtreſs?

Lucr. Yes, with you, my Maſter.

Court. I wonder when, o' the Devil's name, it will come to my turn.

Lucr. Being a particular Friend of yours, Captain, I am come to tell you, the World begins to talk very ſcandalouſly of you, Captain.

Beaug. Look thee, Sweetheart, the World's an Aſs, and Common Fame a Common Strumpet: ſo long as ſuch pretty good-natur'd Creatures as thou ſeemeſt to be, think but well of me, let the World be hang'd, as it was once drown'd, if it will.

Lucr. I muſt let you know too, Captain, that your Love-Intrigues are not ſo cloſely managed, but that they will ſhortly grow the Subject of all the Satyr and Contempt in Town: Your holding Converſation with a draggle-tail'd Maſque, in the Church-Cloyſters, on *Sunday*; your meeting with the very Scandal here again, this Evening; ſuffering your ſelf to be impos'd upon, and Jilted by her; and at laſt running the hazard of a damnable Beating, by a couple of plauſible Hectors, that made you believe your Miſtreſs had Honour enough to be concern'd for.

Beaug. Really, my little Wolf in a Sheeps Fleece, this ſounds like very good Doctrine; but what Uſe muſt I make of it, Child?

Lucr. Methinks, Captain, that ſhould not be ſo hard to find out; my ſetting upon you in a Maſque my ſelf, and railing at the laſt Woman that did ſo before me, might eaſily inform you, I have a certain Deſign of trying whoſe Heart's hardeſt, yours or mine.

Court. Then, my little Miſchief, you ſhould not enter the Liſts upon unequal Terms, with that Black Armour upon your Face, that makes you look as dreadfully as the Black Knight in a Romance.

Lucr. Good Captain, what's that ſober Gentleman's name? For certainly I have ſeen him before now.

Beaug. His name in the Fleſh, my pretty one, is *Courtine*; a very honeſt Fellow, good-natur'd, and wicked enough for thy purpoſe of all conſcience.

Lucr. Courtine! Bleſs us for ever! What, the Man that's married!

Court. The Man that's married! Yes, the Man that's married. 'Sdeath, though I be weary on't, I am not aſham'd of my Condition. Why the Devil didſt thou tell her my name? I ſhall never thrive with any Woman that knows me. The Man that's married! 'Zounes, I am as ſcandalous as the Man that's to be hang'd.

Lucr. But you'll ne'er be thought ſo handſom. To make few words with you, Sir, I am one that mean you fairer play than ſuch an inconſtant, fickle, falſe-hearted Wanderer as you deſerve.

Beaug. Then

Beaug. Then why doſt thou conceal thy ſelf? Thoſe whoſe Deſigns are fair and noble, ſcorn to hide their Faces: Therefore give me leave to tell thee, Lady, if thou think'ſt to make uſe of me only to create ſome Jealouſie in another Woman, I am no Inſtrument to be that way manag'd; no, I am conſtant, I——but if thou lov'ſt me———

Lucr. Have you any more Doubts that trouble you?

Beaug. None, by this ſweet Body of thine.

Lucr. Know then, Sir, it has been my Misfortune to watch you, haunt you, and dog you theſe ſix Months; being, to my eternal torment, jealous of that ravenous Kite your Widow, your Widow, Captain: nay, ſince I have confeſt my Weakneſs, know from this hour I'll defeat all her Ambuſhes, all the falſe Baits ſhe lays to enſnare your Heart, till I obtain the Victory of it my ſelf, much more my due, in that I'm not beneath her in Beauty, Birth, or Fortune, or indeed any thing but her years, Captain; therefore if you have that Merit the World reports of you, make the beſt uſe of this preſent Advice; and ſo farewell, till you hear from me further.

[*Exit* Lucrece.

Beaug. Now may I do by my Miſtreſſes as the Boys do by their Farthings, huſtle 'em in a Hat together, and go to Heads or Tails for 'em.——Hah! Let me never ſee day again, if yonder be not coming towards us the very Raſcal I told thee of this Morning, our *faux* Atheiſt; now will I ſhew thee as notable a Spirit as ever paſt upon the ignorant World for a fine Perſon, and a Philoſopher.

[*Enter* Daredevil.

What, *Daredevil*, a good Evening to thee: Why, where haſt thou been, old Blaſphemy, theſe Forty Hours? I ſhall never be converted from Chriſtianity, if thou doſt not mind thy Buſ'neſs better.

Dared. Been, quoth a! I have been where I have half loſt my honeſt Senſes, Man: Would any body that knows me, believe it? Let me be buried alive, if the Rogues of the Pariſh I live in have not Indicted me for a Papiſt.

Beaug. The Devil! a Papiſt!

Dared. Pox on 'em, a Papiſt! When the impudent Villains know, as well as I do, that I have no Religion at all.

Court. No Religion, Sir? Are you of no Religion?

Dared. Is he an honeſt Fellow, *Beaugard?*

Beaug. Oh, a very honeſt Fellow; thou mayſt truſt him with thy Damnation, I'll warrant thee: Anſwer him, anſwer him.

Dared. I never go to Church, Sir.

Court. But what Religion are you of?

Dared. Of the Religion of the *Inner-Temple*, the Common-Law Religion; I believe in the Law, truſt in the Law, enjoy what I have by the Law: For if ſuch a Religious Gentleman as you are get Fifty pounds into my Debt, I may go to Church and pray till my Heart akes, but the Law muſt make you pay me at laſt.

Court. 'Tis certainly the fear of Hell, and hopes of Happineſs, that makes People live in Honeſty, Peace, and Union one towards another.

Dared. Fear of Hell! Heark thee, *Beaugard*; this Companion of thine,

as I apprehend, is but a ſort of a ſhallow Monſter. Fear of Hell! No, Sir, 'tis fear of Hanging. Who would not ſteal, or do murder, every time his Fingers itch't at it, were it not for fear of the Gallows? Do not you, with all your Religion, ſwear almoſt as often as you ſpeak? break and prophane the Sabbath? lie with your Neighbours Wives? and covet their Eſtates, if they be better than your own? Yet thoſe things are forbid by Religion, as well as Stealing and Cutting of Throats are. No, had every Commandment but a Gibbet belonging to it, I ſhould not have had Four Kings Evidences to day ſwore impudently I was a Papiſt, when I was never at Maſs yet ſince I was born, nor indeed at any other Worſhip theſe Twenty years.

Court. Why then, Sir, between Man and Man, you are really of no Religion?

Dared. May be I am, Sir; may be I am not, Sir: When you come to know me better, twenty to one but you'll be better ſatisfied.

Court. Does your Honour think there may be a Devil?

Dared. I never ſaw him, Sir.

Court. Have you a mind to ſee him?

Dared. I'd go Fifty miles barefoot to ſee but a Fiend that belong'd to his Family.

Beaug. That's a damn'd Lie, to my Knowledge: For I ſaw the Rogue ſo ſcar'd, that his Hair ſtood upright, but at the ſight of a poor Black Water-Spaniel, that met him in the dark once.

Court. What think you of Conſcience?

Dared. I do not think of it at all, Sir; it never troubles me.

Court. Did you ever do a Murder?

Dared. I won't tell you.

Court. Thou art the honeſter Fellow for it; I love a friendly Rogue, that can keep ſuch a Secret at my Heart.

Dared. Do you?

Court. Ay.

Beaug. So, that's well ſaid; now we'll to work with him preſently. Doſt thou hear, *Daredevil*, this honeſt Friend of mine is ſomething troubled in Spirit, and wants a little of thy Ghoſtly Advice in a Point of Difficulty.

Dared. Well, and what is't? I ſhall be civil, and do him all the good I can.

Beaug. In few words, he's married; plagu'd, troubled, and Hag-ridden by the eternally-tormenting Witchcraft of a vexatious, jealous Familiar, call'd a Wife.

Dared. A Wife! That ever any Fellow that has but two Grains of Brains in his Scull, ſhould give himſelf the trouble to complain of a Wife, ſo long as there is Arſenick in the World!

Beaug. Nay, it is a meer ſhame, a ſcandalous ſhame, when it is ſo cheap too.

Court. Would you have me poiſon her?

Dared. Poiſon her! Ay, what would you with her elſe, if you are weary of her?

Court. But

Court. But if I ſhould be call'd to a terrible account for ſuch a thing hereafter!

Dared. Hereafter!—— Croſs my Hand with a piece of Silver,——that is to ſay,——give me Three pence,——Three pence, my Deareſt——

Court. Well, and what then?

Dared. Why, for that conſiderable Sum I'll be ſecurity for thee, and bear thee harmleſs for Hereafter; that's all.

Beaug. 'Faith, and cheap enough of all Conſcience.

Court. This is the honeſteſt Acquaintance I ever met withal, *Beaugard.*

Beaug. Oh, a very honeſt Fellow, very honeſt.

Court. Prethee then, *Daredevil*, if that be thy Title, ſince we have ſo happily met this Evening, let us grow more intimate, and eat and drink together.

Dared. Faith and troth, with all my Heart: Pox on me, Boy, but I love Drinking mightily; and to tell ye the truth on't, I am never ſo well ſatisfied in my out-of-the-way Principles, as when I am drunk, very drunk. Drunkenneſs is a great Quietter of the Mind, a great Soother of the Spirit.

Beaug. And ſhall we be very free, my little Atheiſtical disbelieving Dog? Wilt thou open thy Heart, and ſpeak very frankly of Matters that ſhall be nameleſs?

Dared. Much may be done; I ſeldom hide my Talent, I am no Niggard of my Parts that way.

Beaug. To tell thee a Secret, then, *Daredevil*, we two are this Night, for ſome weighty Conſiderations, to give a Treat to the People of the *Duke's Theatre*, after the Play's done, upon their Stage; we are to have the Muſick too, and the Ladies, 'tis hoped, will not deny us the Favour of their fair Company. Now, my dear Iniquity, ſhall we not, thinkeſt thou, if we give our Minds to it, paſs an Evening pleaſantly enough?

Dared. Rot me, with all my Heart: I love the Project of Treating upon the Stage extremely too. But will there, will there be none of the Poets there? Some of the Poets are pretty Fellows, very pretty Fellows; they are moſt of 'em my Diſciples in their Hearts, and now and then ſtand up for the Truth manfully.

Beaug. Much may happen: But in the next place, after Supper we have reſolv'd to ſtorm a certain Enchanted Caſtle, where I apprehend a fair Lady newly enter'd into League with an honeſt Friend of thine, call'd my ſelf, is kept a Priſ'ner, by an old, ill-natur'd, ſnarling Dog in a Manger, her Guardian. Thou wilt make one at it, wilt thou not, my little *Daredevil?*

Dared. Dam' me, we'll burn the Houſe.

Court. Dam' me, Sir? Do you know what you ſay? You believe no ſuch thing.

Dared. Words of courſe, Child, meer Words of courſe: We uſe a hundred of 'em in Converſation, which are indeed but in the nature of Expletives, and ſignifie nothing: as, *Dam' me, Sir*; *Rot me, Sir*; *Confound me, Sir*; which purport no more than *So, Sir*; *And, Sir*; or *Then, Sir*, at

the worſt: For my part, I always ſpeak what I think; no Man can help thinking what he does think: So if I ſpeak not well, the fault's not mine.

Beaug. Diſtinguiſh'd like a Learned School-Divine.

Court. When meet we at the Play-houſe then?

Dared. Before the Clock ſtrike Nine.

Beaug. Where we'll have Muſick, Women, Mirth.

Dared. And very much good Wine.

End of the Second Act.

THE THIRD ACT.

Beaugard, Courtine, *and* Daredevil.

Beaug. IS not this Living now? Who that knew the Sweets of Liberty, the uncontroll'd Delights the Free-man taſtes of, Lord of his own Hours, King of his own Pleaſures, juſt as Nature meant him firſt; Courted each Minute by all his Appetites,
Which he indulges, like a bounteous Maſter,
That's ſtill ſupply'd with various full Enjoyments;
And no intruding Cares make one Thought bitter.

Dared. Very well this; this is all but very well.

Court. Nay, not one Rub, to interrupt the Courſe
Of a long, rolling, gay, and wanton Life.
Methinks the Image of it is like a Laune
In a rich flow'ry Vale, its Meaſure long,
Beauteous its Proſpect, and at the End
A ſhady peaceful Glade; where, when the pleaſant Race is over,
We glide away, and are at reſt for ever.

Beaug. Who, that knew this, would let himſelf be a Slave
To the vile Cuſtoms that the World's debaucht in?
Who'd interrupt his needful Hours of Reſt, to riſe and yawn in a Shop upon *Cornhill*? Or, what's as bad, make a ſneaking Figure in a Great Man's Chamber, at his Riſing in a Morning? Who would play the Rogue, Cheat, Lie, Flatter, Bribe, or Pimp, to raiſe an Eſtate for a Blockhead of his own begetting, as he thinks, that ſhall waſte it as ſcandalouſly as his Father got it? Or who, *Courtine*, would marry, to beget ſuch a Blockhead?

Court. No body but ſuch a Blockhead as my ſelf, *Beaugard*, that's certain; but I will, if poſſible atone for that Sin of mine in the future Courſe of my Life, and grow as zealous a Libertine as thou wouldſt wiſh thy Friend to be.

Dared. Theſe

Dared. Theſe are Rogues that pretend to be a Religion now! Well, all that I ſay is, Honeſt Atheiſm for my Money.

Beaug. No, grant me while I live the eaſie Being I am at preſent poſſeſt of; a kind, fair Shee, to cool my Blood, and pamper my Imagination withal; an honeſt Friend or two, like thee, *Courtine*, that I dare truſt my Thoughts to; generous Wine, Health, Liberty, and no Diſhonour; and when I ask more of Fortune, let her e'en make a Beggar of me. What ſayſt thou to this, *Daredevil*? Is not this coming as near thy Doctrine as a young Sinner can conveniently?

Dared. Nay, I have very great Hopes of you, that's my Comfort.

Court. But why did we part with the Women ſo ſoon?

Beaug. Oh, *Courtine*, Reputation, Reputation! I am a young Spark, and muſt ſtand upon my Credit, Friend; the Rogues that cheat all the Week, and go to Church in clean Bands o' *Sunday*, will advance no neceſſary Sums upon my Revenues elſe, when there may be an Occaſion: Beſides, I have a Father in Town, a grave, ſober, ſerious old Gentleman, call'd a Father.

Dared. One that will Drink, Rant, Whore, and Game, and is as full of Religion as his Worſhipful Son here.

Beaug. Hah!——— [*Enter* Father.

Fath. Very well, very noble, truly, Son! This is the Care you are pleaſed to take of my Family! Sit up all Night, Drink, Whore, ſpend your Eſtate, and give your Soul to the Devil! A very fine——Hickup——This *Aquamirabilis* and the Old Hock does not agree with my Stomach.

Beaug. Daredevil, ſtick to me now, and help me out at a dead lift, or I am loſt for ever.—— Sir, I hope my being here, has not done you, nor any Friend of yours, an Injury.

Fath. Injury! No, Sir, 'tis no Injury for you to take your ſwill in Plenty and Voluptuouſneſs——Hickup——while your poor Father, Sirrah, muſt be contented to drink paltry Sack, with dry-bon'd, old, batter'd Rogues, and be thankful. You muſt have your fine, jolly, young Fellows, and bonny, buxom, brawny-bum'd Whores, you Dog, to revel with, and be hang'd to you, muſt you? Sirrah, you Rogue, I ha' loſt all my Money.

Beaug. I am ſorry for it, Sir.

Fath. Sorry for it, Sir!——Hickup——Is that all?

Dared. If thou art very poor, old Fellow, take a ſwinging Doſe of *Opium*, and ſleep upon't; 'tis the beſt thing in the World for old Gentlemen that have no Money. Or wilt thou be good Company? wilt thou ſit down and crack a Bottle, old Boy? Hah?

Fath. Heh! crack a Bottle!

Dared. Ay, crack a Bottle: What ſayſt thou to that comfortable Propoſition?

Court. Come, Sir, here's your good Health, and to your better Fortune.

Fath. A very honeſt Fellow, *Jack*: Theſe are very honeſt Fellows. What is your name, Friend?

Dared. My name is *Daredevil*, Friend; of the ancient Family of the *Daredevils* in the North, that have not had a Church in their Pariſh, Chaplain in their Houſe, Prayers Publick or Private, or Graces at Meals, ſince the Conqueſt.

Fath. Sir,

Fath. Sir, I have heard much of your Family; it is a very ancient Honourable Family: and I am glad to find my Son has made choice of such Noble Acquaintance. ——Sir, my Service to you.——I proteſt, a Cup of pretty Clarret, very pretty Clarret.

Court. And he has top't it off as prettily, I'll ſay that for him.

Fath. Jack, I ha' loſt all my Money, *Jack*.

Beaug. Have you been robb'd, Sir?

Fath. Robb'd, Sir! No, Mr. Saucy-face, I ha' not been robb'd, Sir: but I ha' been nickt, Sir, and that's as bad, Sir. You are a worthy Perſon, and I'll make you my Judge.

Dared. Come along then.

Fath. The Main was Seven, and the Chance Four; I had juſt Thirty pound upon it, and my laſt Stake: The Caſter threw, nothing came of it; I chang'd his Dice; he threw again, to as little purpoſe as before.

Dared. Very ſtrange, truly.

Fath. I chang'd his Dice again, he threw again: So he threw, and I chang'd; and I chang'd, and he threw, for at leaſt half an Hour; till at laſt——Do you mark me?——the Dice powd'ring out of the Box——

Dared. That's plain.

Fath. One of 'em trips againſt the Foot of a Candleſtick, and up comes two Deuces, two Deuces, Sir, do you hear? And ſo I loſt my Money. No, Sir, I was not robb'd, Sir; but I loſt it upon two Deuces: and that was ſo hard Fortune, that I'll hold you, or any Man living, Fifty pound to Ten, that he does not throw two Deuces before Seven again.

Dared. Two Deuces afore Seven! Two Deuces are not to be thrown, Sir, not to be thrown.

Beaug. I am glad to hear you are ſo rich, Sir.

Fath. Rich, quoth 'a! Prethee be quiet, I am not worth a Shilling, Man. But, Sir, here you are a Lord at large, enjoy your Drink and your Drabs, ſit up all Night in the fulneſs of Iniquity, with worthy Eſquire *Daredevil* of the North here, with a Pox to you; whilſt I muſt be kept without a Shilling in my Pocket.——But, Sir,——

Beaug. Sir, I ſent you a Hundred pound yeſterday Morning.

Fath. Well, Sirrah, and I have had ill Luck, and loſt it all: What then?

Beaug. Sir, to avoid Diſpute, ſhall I make one Propoſition to you?

Fath. Heh! With all my Heart. Look you, *Jackie*-boy, I am not againſt thy taking thy moderate Diverſions, ſo long as I ſee thou keepeſt good Company, neither. But——ſneak what Ready-money thou haſt into my Hand, and ſend me the reſt of t'other Hundred to my Lodging.

Beaug. Do you think it reaſonable, that as often as two Deuces are thrown before Seven, I muſt advance a Hundred pound to make the Devil's Bones rattle, Sir?

Fath. Sirrah, you are a Rebel; and I could find in my Heart to cut your Throat. Sir, have you e'er a Father?

Dared. No, Sir.

Fath. No, Sir?

Dared. No, Sir; I broke his Heart long ago, before I came to be at years of Diſcretion: I hate all Fathers, and always did.

Fath. Oh

Fath. Oh Lord! Heark you, Sir, What's that Fellow's Profeſſion?

Court. Oh, an Atheiſt, Sir; he believes neither God nor the Devil.

Fath. 'Sbud, I'll bruſtle up to him: Are you an Atheiſt, Fellow? hoh?

Dared. Yes, Sir, I am an Atheiſt.

Fath. And what think you will become of you when you die? hoh?

Dared. I ſhall be buried ſix Foot under Ground, to prevent ſtinking, and there grow rotten.

Fath. Oh Lord!

Dared. If I chance to be hang'd, being a luſty Sinewy Fellow, the Corporation of *Barber-Chirurgeons*, may be, beg me for an Anatomy, to ſet up in their Hall. I don't take much care of my ſelf while I am living; and when I am dead, whatever happens to me will never trouble me.

Fath. No more to be ſaid; my Son's in a very hopeful way to be damn'd, that's one Comfort. Impudent Rogue! You keep Company with the Devil's Reſident! You converſe with Foreign Miniſters, and deny your Father a little dirty Money! Fogh, Poltroon!

Beaug. This is very hard, Sir: But if Ten *Guinea's* will do you any Service——

Fath. Ten *Guinea's?* Let me ſee; Ten *Guinea's* are a pretty little pidling Sum, that's the truth on't: But what will it do, *Jackie*-boy? Serve, may be, to play at Tick-tack in an Afternoon, three Hits up for a Piece, or ſo; but when will that recover my Hundred agen? Ten *Guinea's!* Pox o' thy Ten *Guinea's*.——Well, let me ſee the Ten *Guinea's* though,—— let me ſee 'em a little.—— *Jackie-boy*, *Jackie*, *Jack*,——You ha' drunk damnable hard to night, you rogue; you are a drunken Dog, I believe—— Han't you had a Whore too, *Jackie?*——e e e——You'll get the Pox, Sirrah, and then—— But if thou doſt, I know a very able Fellow, an old Acquaintance of mine——Ten *Guinea's*, *Jackie!*

Beaug. There they are, Sir; and long may they laſt you.

Fath. Make 'em Twenty, *Jackie* rogue;——you Plump-cheekt, Merry-ey'd Rogue, make 'em Twenty,——Make 'em Fifteen then,——*Jackie*-boy, *Jackie*, *Jack*,——Do faith.

Beaug. Upon my Duty, you have ſtript me, Sir.

Fath. Then do you hear, Friend, you Atheiſt, that are ſo free of your Soul? let us ſee if you dare venture a litte of your Money now—— Come. [*Draws out a Box and Dice.*

Seven's the Main: I'll hold you Ten pounds to Two, two Deuces does not come before Seven.

Beaug. At him, *Daredevil*; Beggar him once more, and then we ſhall be rid of him.

Dared. Done, Sir, done; down with your Money.

Fath. Here, you Blaſphemous Dog.——Doſt thou love Hazard?

Dared. Dearly, from the bottom of my Heart, Sir.

Fath. I love thee the better for't: Come along.——Seven.——

Dared. Right.

Fath. Seven. [*Throws two Deuces.*

Dared. Two Deuces!——You ha' loſt, Sir.

Fath. Dam'

Fath. Dam' me, Sir, lay your Hand upon my Money!

Dared. Dam' me, Sir, 'tis my Money; I won it fairly.

Beaug. Now, *Courtine*, now——

Court. Now look to't, Atheiſt.

Fath. Son of a Whore, you lie. Thus to my Hat I ſweep the yellow Scoundrels, and draw my Sword in witneſs th'are my own.

Dared. Nay then I'll——

Court. Hold, Sirs, no drawing Swords, no Quarrelling.

Dared. I am glad on't, with all my Heart; for though I am not much afraid of the Devil, I hate a drawn Sword mortally.

Beaug. Good Sir——

Fath. Stand off.——Dogs, Atheiſts win my Money!——Raſcal,——Good morrow.

Beaug. Till next time two Deuces come before Seven, and then I am ſure to ſee or hear from you again infallibly.

Court. How doſt thou intend to diſpoſe of this wild, extravagant, old Father of thine, *Beaugard?*

Beaug. I hope to find him run ſo far in Debt within this Fortnight, that to avoid the Calamity, he ſhall be forced to compound with me for his Freedom, and be contented with a comfortable Annuity in the Country; that's all my hopes of him.

Court. Which he'll ſell in one Quarter of a Year, and return to old *London* again, for t'other Game at Hazard.

Beaug. No, like a wiſe Guardian, I'll take care of the contrary, lay it too far out of his reach, and tie it too faſt for him. Why how now, *Daredevil?* What in the dumps? 'Tis an unruly old Gentleman, but yet he has ſome Religion in him, *Daredevil.*

Dared. Yes, Pox on him, to cheat me of my Money. 'Tis well he was your Father, Sir.

Court. Why?

Dared. Had he been my own, by theſe Hilts I would have ſaw'd his old Windpipe aſunder upon the Spot. Rob me of my Right!

Court. Does he love Fighting ſo well then? I thought moſt of your Atheiſts had not much car'd for that impertinent Exerciſe.

Dared. 'Tis a little impertinent, that I'll grant you, for honeſt Fellows to fall out, ſquabble, and cut one anothers Throats, to ſpoil good Company: But when my Honour's injur'd——

Beaug. Then, I know, thou art implacable. But for a fooliſh trifling Sum of Money——

Dared. Traſh, traſh, Dunghil, and Filthineſs! I give it away to my Wenches and my Servants; we part with it to every Body, upon all Occaſions. He that values Money, deſerves never to have the Benefit of it.

Beaug. A very noble Fragment of Philoſophy. But, *Courtine*, the Morning is new riſen again, and I have receiv'd Intelligence this Night, by a certain Miniſter I keep for ſuch Offices, where my poor diſtreſſed Widow is held in Durance: If thou thinkeſt there may be any Hopes for thee upon the Coaſt I am bound for, let us embarque together, and good Luck attend us.

Court. No,

Court. No, I have other Projects o' foot: Marriage has crackt my Credit ſo, that no body that knows my Condition cares to deal with me; Therefore I am reſolv'd to ſet out for New Diſcoveries, and try how I can thrive where my Name's a Stranger.

Beaug. What, this Morning!

Court. This very Morning: Fortified with *Burdeaux*, as I am, will I iſſue forth; and let all ſtragling Wives, Widows, and Virgins have a care of their Cargo's.

Beaug. Nobly reſolv'd, and good Fortune guide thee. Thou, *Daredevil*, wilt not part with me; thou art more a Friend than to leave thy Diſciple, when there is good ſubſtantial Sinning like to go forward. May be we may do a Murder before we part; ſomething that is very wicked we'll not fail of.

Dared. With all my Heart; let us fire a Houſe or two, poiſon a Conſtable and all his Watch, raviſh ſix Cinder-women, and kill a Beadle.

Beaug. Shall we do all this?

Dared. Do't! I'll do't my ſelf.

Beaug. Thou art the very Spirit of Iniquity. [*Enter Footman.*

Footm. Sir, Captain *Beaugard.*

Beaug. With me, Friend?

Footm. Sir, there is a Maſqu'd Lady, in a Chair, at the Corner of the Street, deſires a Word with you inſtantly.

Beaug. Tell her, I'm her Vaſſal, and will wait on her this Moment. *Courtine*, good morrow.

Court. Gone, already?

Beaug. Trading comes in, Friend, and I muſt mind my Calling, that's all. *Allons, Daredevil.*

Dared. Friend, farewell to thee; if either of us are run through the Lungs, or ſhot in the Head, before we meet again, let us hear from one another out of the Lower World, how matters go there, and what Entertainment they give us.

Court. You ſhall find me a very civil Correſpondent, Sir.

Dared. Farewell.

Court. The ſame good Wiſh to you, Sir. Now will I out into the middle of the Street, play at Blind-mans-buff by my ſelf, turn three times round, and catch who I can.

Scene changes to the Street. Enter Beaugard *and* Daredevil.

Beaug. This ſhould be the Place, and yet I ſee no Chair.

Dared. Then let us fall to Miſchief.

Beaug. Prethee a little Patience, tho it be a Vertue, dear Temptation.

Enter another Footman.

Footm. Sir, is your name Captain *Beaugard?*

Beaug. Yes, my dear *Mercury*, I am the happy Man.

Footm. Then, Sir, this Letter is for you.

Beaug. Stay till I read it, Friend.

Footm. Sir, it requires no Anſwer.

Beaug. What Jilts Trick now! ——*Sir*, ——*to meet us with your Swords in your Hands this Morning, behind the Corner Houſe of*—— By my Stars, a Challenge from the termagant Sparks that fell upon us laſt Night. Why, what a deal of Love and Honour have I upon my Hands now? *Daredevil*, thou canſt fight?

Dared. Why, is there any occaſion?

Beaug. Only a Challenge, *Daredevil*, that's all: See, there's a Breakfaſt for thee, if thou haſt any Stomach to't.

Dared. Idle Rogues, Raſcals, Hectors! Never mind 'em; hang 'em, theſe are ſome hungry Varlets that want Dinners; let us break the next Windows, and never think on't.

Enter ſix Ruffians.

1 *Ruff.* Theſe are our Quarry; be ſure we ſeiſe 'em both. Is the Coach ready?

2 *Ruff.* At the next Corner.

1 *Ruff.* Fall on then. Sir, you are our Priſoner.

Beaug. Villains! Rogues! Thieves! Murder! Thieves! Raſcals, you'll not murder me?

1 *Ruff.* Nay, Sir, no noiſe, no ſtrugling, as you tender your Safety.

Beaug. Daredevil, Dog, Coward, draw thy Sword and reſcue me.

Dared. I am terrified, amaz'd; ſome Judgment for my Sins is fallen upon me; alas, I am in Bonds too! Have mercy on my Soul, and don't ſlay me, Gentlemen.

Beaug. Damnation! Blinded! Raſcals, Villains, Ruffians! Murder!

Dared. Oh *Daredevil*, *Daredevil*, what will become of thee!

Enter Theodore *and* Gratian.

Theod. This Generoſity makes good thy Character,
That thou art the braveſt Man, and trueſt Friend.
How ſhall I deſerve this from thee?

Grat. I ſhould be unjuſt, both to my ſelf, and the dear Mem'ry of thy Noble Brother, whoſe Friendſhip was ſo dear to me, ſhould my true Sword be idle in thy Cauſe. Beſides, the Love which I profeſs to *Porcia*, tells me a Rival muſt not tamely carry her.

Theod. She is thy Right: My dying Brother, her ſoon-forgotten Husband,
But thy remember'd Friend, with his laſt Breath thus told me;
I have a Friend, *Gratian*, the Man my Heart
Has cheriſht moſt; we from our Youth were Rivals
For my dear *Porcia*: tell him, if I die,
I left her to him, as the deareſt Legacy
I could bequeath: Bid him be tender of her,

For

For ſhe'll deſerve it from him.——Would ſhe did.

Grat. Heav'n knows, it is my Curſe, ſpite of her Scorn, to love her even to Madneſs; nor ſhall this Man of War, this *French*-bred Hero, win her with nothing but his Cap and Feather: I wonder he's not come yet.

Theod. I have heard the Man is Gallant; but in honeſty,
As thou art my Friend, I wiſh thou wouldſt hear good Counſel,

Grat. Thine muſt be Noble.

Theod. I'd have thee think no more of this proud Woman.

Grat. I wiſh 'twere poſſible.

Theod. Their Sex is one groſs Cheat; their only Study
How to deceive, betray, and ruine Man:
They have it by Tradition from their Mothers,
Which they improve each day, and grow more exquiſite.
Their Painting, Patching, all their Chamber-arts,
And Publick Affectations, are but Tricks
To draw fond Men into that Snare, their Love.

Grat. Would this could cure mine.

Theod. When w'are caught faſt, 'tis then they ſhew their Natures,
Grow haughty, proud, to vex the Wretch th'ave conquer'd;
Tho the ſame Hour they glance abroad for new ones.
Let but a Woman know y'are once her Slave,
Give her once Teſtimony that you love her,
She'll always be thy Torment, Jilt, deſign,
And practice Ends upon thy honeſt Nature,
So ſtrong is their Antipathy to Truth.

Grat. But let a Fool———

Theod. Oh give 'em but a Fool,
A ſenſeleſs, noiſie, gay, bold, briſtling Blockhead,
A Raſcal with a Feather, and Cravat-ſtring,
No Brains in's Head; a vain, pert, empty Rogue,
That can prune, dance, liſp, or lie very much,
Th'are loſt for ever: They'll give all they have
To Fools, or for 'em.———

Grat. But, my Friend, this granted,
Grant *Porcia* this, and more, as ſhe's the Relict
Of thy dear Brother, and my valu'd Friend,
The Injury ſhe brings upon thy Honour
Muſt not be ſlighted; and that's my Cauſe now.

Theod. There thou o'recom'ſt me: Still our Men of Mettle
Delay their Time; the Day grows late; let's walk
Down by yon' Wall; may be they have miſt the Place:
Beſides, I fancy Company is coming this way, and we may be prevented.
Methinks I would not loſe ſo fine a Morning, and do nothing.

Grat. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sylvia *and* Lucrece.

Sylv. Oh *Lucrece*, 'twas the Pangs of Jealouſie, curſt Jealouſie, that brought me hither.

Lucr. Where lodg'd you then laſt Night?

Sylv. Here, in this Houſe, my Couſin *Porcia's* Houſe: I met her late laſt Night, juſt as I alighted, harraſt with my Journey, and the Cauſe of it: Had ſhe not took pity of me, Heav'n knows how my Perplexities would have diſpoſed me!

Lucr. What, in this Houſe?

Sylv. Here, in this very Houſe.

Lucr. I'm glad I know it; I'll take ſuch care, it ſhall not be long a Secret.

Sylv. The Garden opening thus upon the Fields, invited me to take the Morning-air here; for Sleep's a Gueſt that ſtays but little with me. Why ſigheſt thou, *Lucrece?*

Lucr. I'm thinking why my Couſin *Porcia* ſhould chuſe this Reſidence.

Sylv. 'Tis for a Lover, *Lucrece*; *Beaugard* courts her, a Friend and lewd Companion of my falſe Husband's.

Lucr. I know him but too well.

Sylv. Why, doſt thou love him?

Lucr. So much, that I can neither eat, drink, nor ſleep in peace, for the tormenting Thoughts of him.

Sylv. By Heav'ns, I pity thee. Oh have a care of Marriage, *Lucrece*, Marriage; 'twill be thy Bane, and ruine thee for ever. Marriage ſpoils Faces; How I look with Marriage!

Lucr. I ſee no change.

Sylv. No change! I have not ſlept ſix Nights in peace ſince the curſt Day I wedded.

Lucr. Will then a Husband ſpoil ones Sleep ſo ſadly?

Sylv. A Husband's, *Lucrece*, like his Wedding-Clothes,
Worn gay a Week, but then he throws 'em off,
And with 'em too the Lover: Then his Days
Grow gay abroad, and his Nights dull at home:
He lies whole Months by thy poor longing Side
Heavy and uſeleſs, comes faint and loth to Bed,
Turns him about, grunts, ſnores: and that's a Husband.

Lucr. Is *Courtine* ſuch a one?

Sylv. 'Tis pain to tell thee the Life I lead with him. He's colder to me, than Adamant to Fire; but let him looſe amongſt my Kitchen-Furniture, my Maids, never was ſeen ſo termagant a Towzer: He loves a naſty, foul-fed, fulſom Drab, and ſcorns the tender Joys my Arms invite him to. To be deſpis'd at that rate, ſo diſhonour'd, makes me even curſe the Chance that made me Woman: Would I had been any Creature elſe.——See yonder, yonder he comes: Thy Maſque, thy Maſque, dear *Lucrece.*

Lucr. Fare-

Lucr. Farewel; I'll away, and leave ye fairly both together. [*Exit.* Lucr.

Enter Courtine.

Court. What, fly thy ground, faint Soldier! How, another! Nay then 'twas nobly done, two to one had been odds elſe: Had it not pretty one?

Sylv. Why, who are you, Sir.

Court. E'en a wandring Knight, that have forſaken my Caſtle in the Country, and am come up to Town for Preferment truly.

Sylv. And one would think ſo proper, luſty, a well-made Fellow as you are ſhould not be long out of Employment.

Court. Doſt thou know me, my Deareſt?

Sylv. No.

Court. Then I am ſure thou canſt have no Exception againſt me.

Sylv. But ſuppoſe I had a mind to a little farther Acquaintance with you; what then, Sir?

Court. Why, then thou may'ſt reaſonably ſuppoſe that I'll make no evil Uſe of thy good Inclinations; Faith there are very pretty Gardens hereabouts, let us commit a Treſpaſs for once, break into one of 'em, and roll a Camomile-walk together this Morning.

Sylv. Oh Lord, Sir!

Court. She's coming already.

Sylv. If I ſhould let you make advantage of my Weakneſs now, you would be falſe afterwards, forſake me, and break my heart.

Court. Pretty fool! What innocent ſcruples ſhe makes!

Sylv. Have you no other Miſtreſs already? have you no Engagements that will return hereafter upon your heart to my prejudice?

Court. Shall I ſwear?

Sylv. But han't you truly?

Court. If I have, may that blew Mountain over our heads there, fall down and cruſh me like a pelted Toad.

Sylv. To ſhew you then that I deſerve your Faith——

Court. What wilt thou ſhew me?

Sylv. A Face which I am not aſham'd of, though you'l perhaps be ſcandaliz'd when you ſee it.

Court. The Devil take me if I am though, ſo it prove not very horrible indeed.

Sylv. What think you then, Sir, is it ſuch a one as you lookt for?

Court. My own Wife!

Sylv. Yes, thy unhappy Wife,
Thou falſe, deceitful, perjur'd, ſhamleſs Wretch:
Have I deſerv'd this from thee?

Court. Pox confound her.—— [*Takes out a Book and falls to reading.*

Sylv. Is this the recompenſe of all my love?
Did I beſtow my Fortune on thy Wants,
Humble my ſelf to be thy *Dove-like* Wife?
And is this all I'm worth?——

Court. Wealth is a great

Provocative

Provocative to am'rous heat [*Reads.*
For what is worth in any thing,
But ſo much Money as 'twill bring?
Hudibras, Part the 2*d*. *Canto* the Firſt.

Sylv. Patience direct me! have I wrought my Nature
To utmoſt ſufferance, and moſt low contentment,
Set my poor heart to cares! have I been bleſt
With Children by thee, to be left with ſcorn,
Caſt off, neglected, and abandon'd vilely?
Speak, is not this hard uſage?——

Court. Umph!

Sylv. Umph! what's Umph!

Court. Umph, that's I, Child; Umph is I, I, I, my Dear.

Sylv. Death! death and torments! Cut my wretched Throat, don't treat me thus: By Heaven I'le bear't no longer.

Court. No more.

Sylv. I have done, Sir.

Court. What do you at *London!*

Sylv. Is it a fault to follow what I'm fond of!

Court. Can't I enjoy my pleaſures, take my freedoms, but you muſt come, and ſpoil the high ſeaſon'd diſh with your inſipid whining ſenſeleſs Jealouſie?

Sylv. Prethee forgive me.——

Court. Where did you lodge laſt Night?

Sylv. Here with a Kinſwoman,
May be you know her not, her name is *Porcia.*

Court. Death! *Beaugard*'s Widow! now I am finely fitted.
What at this Houſe?

Sylv. This very Houſe, that Door
Opens into the Garden, let us walk there,
Won't you go with me *Courtine?*

Court. No.

Sylv. Prethee do, Love.
Don't be thus cruel to me.

Court. Then promiſe one thing,
And may be my good nature ſhall be wrought upon.

Sylv. I'le grant thee any thing; ſpeak, try m'Obedience.

Court. then promiſe me, that during our abode
In this ſweet Town, which I love very dearly,
That let me ramble, ſteer what courſe I will,
Keep what late hours, and as I pleaſe employ 'em,
That you'l be ſtill, an humble, civil Doxy,
And pry into no ſecret to diſturb me.

Sylv. Well, 'tis all granted.

Court. On then, I'le be dutiful.

Sylv. Enter you firſt.

Court. No.——

Sylv. Oh

Sylv. Oh, then you'l forſake me;
You ſeek but opportunity again to leave me.
Court. Well, ſince I am trapt thus,
Like a poor Beaſt that wanted better paſture,
There is no Replevin, and I muſt to Pound. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Theod. Grat. *and* Lucr.

Theod. What in this Houſe?
Lucr. Here in this very Houſe,
My Couſin *Sylvia*, *Courtine*'s Jealous Wife,
Coming to Town, Lodg'd with her here laſt Night.
Theod. No more, I gueſs the cauſe w'are diſappointed.
Do thou go *Gratian*, Muſter what Friends 'tis poſſible;
I'le try my Intereſt too; we'll ſtorm your Fortreſs,
Enchanted Lady, though your Gyant guard it.

Scene changes to the inſide of a very fair Houſe, adorned with rich Furniture and Lights.

Enter Ruff. *with* Beaug. *and* Dared.

Beaug. Dogs! Raſcals! Villains! how do you intend to deal with us?
1. *Ruff.* Much better than your language has deſerv'd, Sir. [*They unblind 'em.*
Beaug. Sirs for this noble uſage, had I a Sword or Piſtol about me, I would reward ye moſt amply. [*They all bow and withdraw.*
A Plague of your Civility! where the Devil are we?
Dared. Where are we quotha! why, we are in a Palace Man, prithee look about thee a little.
Beaug. By Heav'n here's a Paradiſe; hark *Daredevil!* Muſick too!
Dared. I'le be hang'd if 'tis not a bawdy Dancing-School, ſome better Whores than ordinary deſigning a private *Ballum rancum*, have pitcht upon our two proper perſons for the bus'neſs; we are like to have a ſwinging time on't, *Beaugard.*
Beaug. A plague o' your Cowardiſe! you were whining and praying juſt now, and be hang'd to you.
Dared. I praying! prithee be quiet Man, I never pray'd in my life, nor ever will pray: Praying quotha! that's a merry jeſt with all my Heart.
Beaug. Impudent *Poltroon!* he ſaid two dozen of *Pater-Noſters* within this half hour, and every jolt the Coach gave was afraid the Devil would have torn him to pieces.
Dared. Odd I like this contrivance very well: Look, *Beaugard*, what comes yonder? 'sheart two Devils in Petticoats, how my Guts ſhrink together! [*Enter two* Black *Women.*
Beaug. Heyday! Lady *Blackamores*! nay then we are certainly enchanted. What are you two, Maids of Honour to the Queen of *Pomonkey?* and is this one of her Palaces? Not a Word!——
Dared. How I long now to be familiar with one of thoſe Sooty-fac'd Harlots! I would beget a chopping Black Son of a Whore upon her, in defiance to the Prince of Darkneſs.

Enter

Enter a Dwarf.

Beaug. What another too of the ſame Complexion? this muſt be her Majeſties Page.

Dared. A Pimp, I'le warrant him; he's ſo very little, pert, and dapper, the Rogue looks as if he could inſinuate himſelf through a Key-hole.

Dwarf. Welcome thou beſt-lov'd Man of the fair World.

Beaug. Well, Sir, and what's the Service you have in order to Command me?

Dwarf. My Orders are to lead you to repoſe in a Rich Bed prepared for Reſt and Love.

Dared. I ſaid it was a Pimp, what a ſmooth-tongu'd little Raſcal 'tis?

Beaug. A very pretty ſort of an Amuſement this: But prithee young *Domine*, why to Bed? 'tis but now Day, and the Sun newly riſen; for I have not been a Bed all Night, my little Monſter; I know how the time goes, Child.

Dwarf. Such are the Orders of the Power I ſerve.
For you are come a long unmeaſurable Journey.

Dared. Hah!

Dwarf. Drawn by wing'd Horſes through the untract Air.

Beaug. A Pox upon thee for a little black lying well-inſtructed Raſcal, but ſince it is the Cuſtom of the place, and my laſt Night Fatigue requires it, I'le accept of the offer, and diſpenſe with an hour or two of ſleep to fit me for better exerciſe when I wake again.

[*Sits down in the Chair to be undreſt.*

Dared. Drawn by Wing'd Horſes through the Air, ſaid he! if this ſhould be true now, what would become of us! Methought indeed the Coach whew'd it away a little faſter than ordinary.

[*While* Beaug. *is undreſſing the two Black Women dance.*

Beaug. A very notable Entertainment truly, and your little Black Lady-ſhips have tript it moſt featly.—— [*The Wo. advance towards him.*
What, and muſt you take charge of me now!——With all my heart. *Daredevil* farewel to thee; but that I am in hopes of a better, I'de invite thee for a Bedfellow. [*Women lead in* Beaug.

Dared. Bedfellow, quotha! would I were a Bed with any Bedfellow that I was ſure had but fleſh and bones about him.

Dwarf. Come, Sir, you are my charge.

Dared. I hope your little Impſhip will be civil to me: pray, Sir, what place is this?

Dwarf. A Chryſtal Caſtle built by Enchantment in a Land unknown to any but the fair one that Commands it: The Spirits of the Air keep guard about it, and all obey her Charms.

Dared. Oh Lord! and what Religion is the Lady off?

Dwarf. That's a ſecret, you'l know more hereafter.

Dared. Lead on then: Now in the lower World whence I come lately, were this but known,

How would the fate in Ballad be lamented,
Of Daredevil *the Atheiſt that's Enchanted.*

End of the Third Act.

THE

ACT IV.

Enter Gratian *and* Theodoret.

Grat. THeſe are your Men of Honour now: I never knew a bluſtering, roaring, ſwathing Spark, that, at the bottom, was good for any thing.

Theod. Your faux Braves always put on a ſhew of more Courage than ordinary; as your beggarly half-Gentlemen always wear tawdry finer Cloaths than their Fortune will afford 'em.

Grat. But, to lye conceal'd in private in the Houſe with her!

Theod. Dam' her, ſhe's a Proſtitute; has given her ſelf already to his Arms.

Grat. Yet, I'll warrant you, ſhe has an excuſe for that too, if it be ſo; as, Alas! you know, Woman is but a weak Veſſel.

Theod. A Pox o' the weakneſs of her Veſſel! Dam' her! Would my Sword were in her Throat! But will our Friends be ready?

Grat. Moſt punctually. It was an odd old Fellow, that, which we met with. Was he certainly *Beaugard*'s Father?

Theod. No body can ſwear that, for his Mother was a Woman; but that merry conceited old Gentleman has the honour of it: he has the Title, but whoſe was the Property, that I dare not determine.

Grat. I hope he'll be as good as his word with us.

Theod. It will not be amiſs if it prove ſo. See, here he comes too.

Enter Father *and* Fourbine.

Fath. You lie, you Dog; you *Scanderbeg* Varlet, you lie. Do not I know that he ſate up all Night with a Conſort of Whore-maſters and Harlots; and have you the impudence to tell me he is not at home? Do not I know, you Villain, that, after a Debauch, he will out-ſnore a *Fleet-ſtreet*-Conſtable and all his Watch, for ſix hours; and dare you tell me, he is not at home, you Caterpillar?

Fourb. Upon the word of a true *Valet de Chambre*, Sir, I deal ſincerely and honeſtly with you.

Fath. No more to be ſaid: But, Sirrah, do you take notice in his behalf, and tell him, he ſhall pay for this; pay for it, do you hear you Mongril? Fob me off with ten ſtinking Guinnies, when I had loſt a hundred! Fiends and Furies, I'll not bear it. Good morrow my little Thunder-bolts! What ſay you, my tiny brace of Blunderbuſſes? can I be ſerviceable? ſhall we about the buſineſs while it is practicable? hah?——

Theod. Have you conſidered of it throughly, Sir?

Fath. Trouble thy head no farther; I'll do't, my Darling.

Theod. Have you conſidered, Sir, that ſhe is your Son's Miſtreſs?

Fath. So much the better ſtill; I'll ſwinge her the ſtoutlier, for alienating his Affections from his natural Father.

Grat. But ſuppoſe you ſhould meet him too there in her defence, Sir?

Fath. Still better and better, and better for that very reaſon; for I would ſwinge him too with much fatherly Diſcipline, and teach him the duty which a Son, with a great deal of Money, ows an honeſt old Daddy, that has none.

Theod. Very piouſly reſolved, this; that's the truth on't. But, Sir, I would have you ſatisfied, into the bargain, that this will be no trifling matter. No Boys Play, old *Tilbury*.

Fath. Boys Play, Sir; Sir, I can fight, Sir: though I am an old fellow, I have a Fox by my ſide here, that will ſnarl upon occaſion. Boys Play! I don't underſtand your Boys Play, Sir ——

Theod. I would not have you take my plainneſs ill, Sir: I only hinted it, to deal with you according to an old faſhion of ſincerity which I profeſs, Sir. I hope you are not offended at it.

Fath. Then, to rectifie all miſtakes, let us fairly have a Breakfaſt, *hoc Momento*. I have a ſort of gnawing Courage, that when it is provok'd, always gives me a Stomack to a ſavoury Bit, and a cheerful Bottle. I hate to be run through the Guts, with nothing in 'em to keep the Wind out.

Grat. Very well propos'd, I think; for we have more Fiends to meet us at a Tavern hard by here, where we intend to wiſh our Enterpriſe well in a bonny Bottle or two, and then about it as cheerfully as we can.

Fath. Very well ſaid, that: This is a pretty fellow, I'll warrant him. Now, if my Rebel be run through the Midriff in this buſineſs, I am the next Heir at Law, and the two thouſand Pounds a year is my own, *declaro*. Come along my little Spit-fires.

Nous allons.
Brave ſtrippons.
Sans ſçavoir ou Nous allons.

Six Bumpers in a hand to him that drills the firſt Whore-Maſter through the ſmall Guts.

Grat. We'll pledge it heartily, Sir.

Fath. You are both my honeſt Boys, my beſt Children: march along then, bravely and boldly.—— I muſt borrow Money of theſe Fellows before I part with 'em. *Nous allons, Brave ſtrippons,* [*Exeunt.*

Enter Courtine.

Court. Oh the unconſcionable Importunity of an unſavoury, plegmatick, cold, inſipid Wife! By this good day, ſhe has kiſs'd me till I am downright ſick; I have had ſo much of her, that I ſhall have no ſtomach to the Sex again this fortnight.

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. My Deareſt, pray my Deareſt, don't thus leave me: by this kind kiſs I beg it, *Court.*

Court. Oh, the Devil!

Sylv. Look kindly on me; ſpeak to me.——

Court. Plague intollerable!——

Sylv. Indeed, my Dear, I love you with ſuch fondneſs! Pray ſpeak.

Court. I cannot.

Sylv. Why? an't you well?

Court. Oh, there's a ſudden faintneſs comes o'er my Spirits! Oh, I'm very ſick! Leave me, if thou lov'ſt me, ſtand off, and give me Air; I die elſe. Ohh!——

Sylv. I'll kiſs thee then to life again.

Court. Stand off, I ſay; I'll not be ſtifled! Murder! Help! Murder! Help!

Sylv. Ill natur'd Tyrant!

Court. Good natur'd Devils! Kiſs, i'th' Devil's name!——

Sylv. Come near me, Husband.

Court. Come not near me, Wife. How am I tortur'd!——

Sylv. You muſt be kind; indeed, my dear, you muſt.

Court. Indeed, my Dear, by your good leave, I ſha' not,—Damnation!

Sylv. You long to be rid of me again.

Court. That I do moſt mightily; but how to bring it about, if I know, I am a Raſcal. Oh! Oh!

Sylv. What's the matter, Dearee?

Court. Oh, I am ſick again of the ſudden! Give me the Chair there: Oh! my Heart beats, and my Head ſwims! Oh! oh!

Sylv. Alas, I fear y'are very ſick indeed! if my poor Lovee ſhould die, what would become of me!

Court. A Plague o' your whining! Would I were well out of the Houſe once!

Sylv. Shall I fetch thee ſome Cordial, my deareſt Love, my Joy? Speak to me; ſhall I?——

Court. Ay if thou wilt, my Jewel. Jewel quotha!—what a plagu's this: Huſh, is ſhe gone?— Now for a convenient Balcone to venture the breaking of a Neck at.——

Enter Page.

Page. Sir, Sir, a word with you.

Court. With me, Sweetheart; thy buſineſs?

Page. A Lady, Sir, that dog'd you hither this Morning——

Court. A Lady!——

Page. Yes, a Lady, Sir.

Court. Hiſt: Get you in, you little Monkey; skip, ſculk, or you'll ſpoil all elſe.—— Here's the bleſſed comfort of a Wife again now:——Oh, oh!——

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. How is't, my Bleſſing? Here, take this: Heaven guard thee!

Court. From thy confounded troubleſome Company, if it be poſſible.

[*Drinks.*

Sylv. How is't, my Dearee?

Court. If I had a little more on't, Dearee.

Sylv. I'll ſee what's left, my Joy.

Court. Do, prithee do, my Joy then. Joy in the Devil's name. [*Ex.* Sylv. Hiſt, Sirrah *Page*, come hither.

Enter Page.

Page. Is your Lady gone, Sir?

Court. Yes: But what News of the other Lady, my truſty *Mercury?*

Page. She's now below, Sir; and deſires to ſee you.

Court. Is ſhe young? handſom?

Page. I can't tell that, Sir; but ſhe's rare and fine.

Court. Are her Cloaths rich?

Page. Oh Sir, all Gold and Silver; with a deep Point *Thingum Thangum* over her Shoulders: and then ſhe ſmells as ſweet as my Ladies Dreſſing-Box.

Court. Fly little Spright, and tell her, I'm impatient: tell her, I'll wait on her within a moment: tell her ——

Page. But Sir ——

Court. Be gone, be gone, you Knave, or you'll be caught elſe. Oh!

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. Here's all that's left, my Heart.

Court. I am ſorry for it, it is very comfortable. [*Drinks.*] Oh, oh, oh!

Sylv. What ails my Life?

Court. Oh, I have a horrid tremor upon my Heart! 'tis the old Palpitation I us'd to be troubl'd with, return'd again. Oh, if I were but ——

Sylv. Where, Love?

Court. Oh! but in a condition to go abroad, there is an able Fellow of my Acquaintance, that always us'd to relieve me in this extremity.

Sylv. Where does he live? I'll take a Coach my ſelf, and go to him.

Court. The Devil take me if I know.— Oh! 'tis a vaſt way off.— Oh! now it kills me again.

Sylv. I ſhall not think it ſo, when it is my duty.

Court. That's but too kind, my Sweeteſt; though, if I had but one Bottle of his *Elixir.*—

Sylv. How is it call'd?

Court. Specimen Vitæ.

Sylv. Specimen Vitæ?

Court. Ay, *Specimen Vitæ:* 'tis a damn'd hard name, but it is very good.

Sylv. Where is't he lives then? Prithee let me go thither.

Court. Oh, 'tis a horrid way off! Beſides, it would trouble me now, in this condition, to be ſo long without thee.

Sylv. Prithee let me go.

Court. Why, 'tis as far as *Grubb-ſtreet* Child, as *Grubb-ſtreet?*

Sylv. I'll be back again inſtantly.

Court. I had rather, indeed, thou ſhouldſt go thy ſelf, than ſend a Meſſenger, becauſe the buſineſs will be done more carefully.

Sylv.

Sylv. How's the Direction then?

Court. In *Grubb-ſtreet* Child, at the Sign of the *Sun* and *Phœnix*, I think it is, there lives a Chymiſt; ask for him, and in my name deſire a Bottle of his *Specimen Vitæ*. Oh!

Sylv. Specimen Vitæ?

Court. Ay, *Specimen Vitæ*—I'll try in the mean time if I can walk about the Room, and divert the terrour of my Fits.

Sylv. Heavens bleſs my deareſt Dearee.

Court. Thank you, my only Joy.—— Would in the Devil's Name ſhe were gone once, and had her Guts full of that Quack's *Specimen Vitæ*.

Sylv. You'll be careful of your ſelf, Child?

Court. As careful as I can, Child.

Sylv. Gud b'w'y *Courtee*.

Court. B'w'y my *Sylvee*.—Oh, oh! [*Exit* Sylvia, *Enter* Page. Is ſhe gone?

Page. Yes, Sir.

Court. Where's the Lady?

Page. Here; juſt entring up the back Stairs. [*Lady appears at the Door.*

Court. Madam, this Honour done your worthleſs Servant——

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. Oh, my dear Heart, I had forgot my Wages. Pray *Courtee*, kiſs me before I go.

Court. Confound her, Come again! Oh, my Love! I have made hard ſhift to crawl to the Door here.

Sylv. Who's that behind you?

Court. Nothing but a Page, come to know if I wanted any thing. A Plague of her Hawks eyes!——

Sylv. Gud b'w'y my deareſt Love.

Court. Gud b'w'y my Joy.

Sylv. Nay, give me another. B'w'y *Courtee*.

Court. B'w'y *Sylvee*.— So, is ſhe gone again?— The Devil take me, if thou interrupteſt me any more. [*Locks the Door after her.*

Enter Lady.

Lady. Is that your Lady, Sir?

Court. Yes; but I hope you'll not think the worſe of me, pretty One, for keeping a Wife Company now and then, for want of better.

Lady. Can you be ſo kind, Sir, not to forget me? Do you remember me ſtill, Captain?

Court. Remember thee, Child! Is it poſſible for that Face to be ever blotted out of my Memory!— Though, the Devil eat me, if ever I ſaw it before, to the beſt of my knowledge.

Lady. Where is your Lady gone Sir?

Court. To *Grubb-ſtreet*, Jewel, for ſome *Specimen Vitæ*.

Lady. Specimen Vitæ, Sir! Oh dear, what's that?

Court.

Court. Oh, come but quietly into the next Room, and I will ſhew thee what *Specimen vitæ* is preſently.

Lady. You may, perhaps think ſtrange of this freedom I take with you, Sir.

Court. Not in the leaſt, Child; it ſhews thy Generoſity.— I love her now, for underſtanding her buſineſs, and coming cloſe to the matter quickly.

Lady. But, Sir, preſuming on your *Quondam* Favours to me, I am come to beg your Advice in a matter of Law, which I am at preſent involv'd in: and if you pleaſe——

Court. To retire a little in private?—— Oh, thou couldſt not have pick'd out ſuch another Man for thy purpoſe: I am, may be, the beſt Lawyer in the World for Chamber-practice. And if I do not find out the Merits of thy Cauſe as ſoon as————

Lady. Really, you are ſo good natur'd————

Court. Grubb-ſtreet and *Specimen Vitæ*, quotha! He that has the Palpitation of the Heart, and an Armful of this won't cure him, let him die upon a Dunghill, and be buried in a Ditch, I ſay.———— This is the rareſt Adventure.

[*Exeunt* Courtine *and the* Lady.

The SCENE *changes to a* Bed-Chamber.

Enter Beaugard *in, as Dreſſing himſelf.*

Beaug. Heigho! Hejgho! Boy, Imp, where art thou?

Dwarf. Here: Your pleaſure? What's your pleaſure, Sir?

Beaug. What is't o' Clock, Boy?

Dwarf. Sir, in your World, by Computation, I gueſs it may be Afternoon.

Beaug. A very pretty little Raſcal, this; and a very extraordinary way of Proceeding, I am treated withal here: I have been abed, 'tis true, but the Devil a wink of ſound Reſt came near my Senſes all the while; but broken Slumbers, Dreams, Starts, and ſprawling from one ſide to the other, in hopes the fair Unknown that keeps this Caſtle might have been ſo good natur'd to have given a Stranger a Viſit. This can be no leſs than ſome Romantick deſign of the little Fairy, that threatned ſhe would cheat the Widow of me:— Now will I, for once, if ſhe does attempt me, put on that monſtrous Vertue, called Self-denial, and be damnably conſtant.—— What, Muſick again! This is a merry Region, I'll ſay that for it, where ever it be, Boy!

Dwarf. Did you call, Sir?

Beaug. My Cloaths, Monſter; my Veſtments: I hate a *Diſ-habiliee* mortally: I long to be rigg'd, that I may be fit for Action, if Occaſion ſhould preſent it ſelf.

[Dwarf *dreſſes him.*

A SONG.

1.

Welcom Mortal to this place,
Where ſmiling Fate did ſend thee:
Snatch thy happy Minutes, as they paſs;
Who knows how few attend thee!

2.

Floods of Joy about thee roul,
And flow in endleſs meaſure.
Dip thy Wiſhes deep, and fill thy Soul
With Draughts of every Pleaſure.

Feaſt

3.
Feast thy Heart with Love's Desire,
Thy Eyes with Beauties Charms:
With Imaginations fan the Fire.
Then stifle it in thy Arms.

4.
For, since Life's a slippery Guest,
Whose Flight can't be prevented;
Treat it, whilst it stays here, with the best,
And then 'twill go contented.

Come you that attend on our Goddesses Will,
And sprinkle the Ground
With Perfumes around;
Shew him your Duty, and shew us your Skill.

Enter four Black Women, that dance to the same Measure of the Song, and sprinkle Sweets.

Circle him with Charms,
And raise in his Heart
Such Alarms,
As Cupid *ne'er wrought by the Pow'r of his Dart.*

They dance round him.

Fill all his Veins with a tender desire,
And then shew a Beauty to set 'em a fire;
Till kind panting Breasts to his Wound she apply,
Then on those white Pillows of Love let him die.

[*The Dance ends.*

Beaug. Faith, and with all my heart; for I am weary of the lingring Disease, and long to taste my Mortality most mightily. Hah! A Banquet too, usher'd in by a couple of *Cupids!* Pretty innocent Contri- } *Two* Cupids *run in* vance! } *a Table furnish'd.* Well, here's no fear of starving, that's one comfort. Now, my dear Musicians, would ye be but as good as your word, and shew me the Beauty you have so prepared me for!— But then, my Widow! my Dear, Generous, Noble-hearted Widow! She that loves Liberty as I do. She that defies Matrimony as I do too. Shall I turn Recreant, and be false to her? Ah *Dardevill, Dardevill!* How I want thee to help me out in this Case of Conscience a little!

Enter Dardevill.

Dard. Beaugard, Where art thou?

Beaug. Ah dear Damnation! I was just now heartily wishing for thee.

Dard. Such News! Such Tidings! Such a Discovery!

Beaug. Hah! What's the matter, Man?——

Dard. Only six and fifty Virgins apiece for us, that's all; pretty little blushing opening Buds, you Rogue, that never had so much as a blast of Masculine Breath upon them yet.—— What's here? A Banquet ready? Nay, then I am satisfied. Never were Heroes so inchanted as we are.

Beaug.

Beaug. But where are the Virgins, *Dardevill?* the Virgins!

Dard. There's only one of 'em, Child; only one;—— but such a one, my Souldier.—

Beaug. Is there but one then?

Dard. That's no matter, Man; I'll be contented till thou hast done with her: I hate a new Conveniency that was never practised upon; 'tis like a new Shooe that was never worn, wrings and hurts ones Foot basely and scurvily. I love my ease, I.

Beaug. But is she very Lovely?

Dard. Such a Swinger, you Dog! she'll make thy Heart bound like a Tennis Ball, at the sight of her: with a Majestick stately Shape and Motion.

Beaug. Well.

Dard. A Lovely, Angelical, Commanding Face.

Beaug. By Heavens.

Dard. With two Triumphant, Rolling, Murdering Eyes, that swear at you ev'ry time you look upon her.

Beaug. Stand off, stand off, I say; she's mine this Minute. But then again, my Widow!— Hah!— Mask'd too; when the Devil shall I see a Woman with her own natural Face again? Madam——

Lady. Be pleas'd, Sir, to repose your self a little; there is a small Account, Sir, to be adjusted betwixt you and I. Where are my Servants? Who is it waits there? [*Several Men Vizarded, and Arm'd, appear at the Doors.*

Beaug. What the Devil can be the meaning of this now? I am not to be murdered, I hope, after all this Ceremony and Preparation.

Dard. Murder'd, in the Devil's Name? Here is great fear of being murder'd, truly.

Lady. Come Sir, sit down Sir.

Beaug. Madam, I'll obey you.

Lady. I doubt not, Sir, but, since your coming hither,
You are much surpris'd, and wonder at your Treatment.

Dard. So, now the Fardle's opened, we shall see what is in it.

Beaug. Madam, 't has been so very highly generous.

Lady. That you are prepar'd with Compliments to pay me for it.
But, Sir, such Coyn's Adulterate and Base:
I must have honest Dealing from your Heart.

Dard. Swear to her, swear to her a little, Man; pour out a Bushel of Oaths upon her instantly: Swear, swear, if thou wilt do any good upon her.

Lady. I know my Rival.

Beaug. Ay, 'tis so, just so, just as I thought, my poor widow will run a damnable hazard of losing this sweet Person of mine, if I do not take abundance of care in the business. Here are Rogues on each hand, with Blunderbusses too: I shall be ravish'd.

Lady. She, by her Arts,
And the good fortune to have first attempted it,
I know, 's possess'd already of your Heart.
But know too, I'm a Woman loath Refusal,
Scornful Refusal——

Dard.

Dard. Swear to her, I tell thee: That ever a Fellow ſhould loſe all this time for an inſignificant Oath or two!

Lady. Or, if my Fortune,
Which is not deſpicable, prove too weak
An Argument to tell you I deſerve you;
Yet I have this to boaſt, I ne'er conceal'd my ſelf,
Either for Shame or Ends; but rather choſe
To run the Riſque of being deny'd your Love,
Than win it by baſe Artifice and Practices.
What think you, Sir?——

Beaug. Hah!——
That, Madam, I'm moſt miſerable,
Unleſs——

Lady. Your Widow *Porcia*, Sir, your Widow.

Beaug. Madam, I muſt confeſs——

Lady. Well:

Beaug. That I love her, and will for ever.——

Lady. Death! Do you confeſs it too?
See you not here your ſelf within my power,
And dare you ſtill confeſs you love that Creature?
Thus far I've kept my Word, I've croſs'd her Stratagems.
You are here my Pris'ner, and by what is paſt,
You ought to think me capable of more.

Dard. If this Fellow would but ſwear a little, all this might be rectifi'd. Madam, to my own knowledge——

Beaug. Fool, ſtand off.
I'm ſenſible that you are the loveliest Creature
My Eyes e'er gaz'd on; but——

Lady. But what?——

Beaug. I'm ſure
You'ld your ſelf ſcorn, nor think me worth your Heart,
Could I be faithleſs, could I be unconſtant.
Pity me, fair One; yet, methinks this Hand——

Lady. Should ſend a Dagger to thy ungrateful Heart.
By Heav'n, I'll never bear it——

Beaug. Madam!

Dard. Madam,
Could you but throw ſome favour on your Servant.

Lady. By all the fury in a Woman's Heart,
I'll be reveng'd on his. Make ready, Slaves,
To do your Office——

Dard. Madam——

Beaug. Look you, Madam, your Ladyſhip may do your pleaſure; you may command half a dozen of Bullets through my *Pericranium*, if you have a mind to have your Beauty ſpoke well of by the Criticks of *Holborn*, that once a Month ſwarm at their Windows to ſpy handſom Faces: Upon that conſideration you may murder a poor conſtant Monſter if you pleaſe, Madam.

Lady. Still am I ſcorn'd then.

Beaug. Would you kill me barbarouſly?
Sure thoſe ſweet Eyes could not ſee ſuch a Sight.

Lady. No, take your Life, and with't this ſatisfaction;
Porcia ſcorns you, as much as you do me:
And, till thou ſueſt upon thy humble Knees
To me for Pity, *Porcia* ſhall deſpiſe thee.

Beaug. Madam, I ſwear!

Lady. No more.

Beaug. By all thoſe Beauties.

Lady. Be gone, for ever fly this. Ah h!—— [*Squeaks.*

Enter Courtin.

Court. Death, Damnation, Devils! How came I hither? *Beaugard!*

Beaug. Friend *Courtine!* Speak Man: What's the matter?

Court. Damnation! Jilted, chous'd, betrayed!——

Enter Woman.

Wom. A Midwife! Run for a Midwife, run for ſome good Woman. Oh Madam, an Accident.

Beaug. A Midwife!

Lady. Heavens! a Midwife! [*Exit* Lady.

Court. Yes, Friend, a Midwife. I am ſweetly manag'd, I — I thought I had been in private here, in this Houſe, with a civil Perſon of good Reputation, and it proves a damn'd trappanning Strumpet. Juſt in the middle of all our good Underſtanding together, ſhe fetches a great Shreik, and roars out for a Midwife: The Drab is full gone with Baſtard, and ſwears I am the Father of it.

Beaug. A very great happineſs, take my Word for't, Friend; Children bring a great Honour with them, *Courtine:* It may grow up to be a Comfort to thee in thy old Age, Man.

Dar. Oh, Your Olive Branches are unſpeakable Bleſſings, the Gift of Heaven. I love to ſee Poſterity go forward, and Families increaſe, with all my heart.

Court. Let me be hang'd and quarter'd, Gentlemen, if ever I ſet Eyes on the Harlot in my life before. My ſweet Wife, with a Pox to her brought me hither.

Beaug. Why, Is thy Wife in *London?*

Court. Yes, Hell confound her! ſhe has hunted me full Cry up to Town; ſeiz'd upon me this Morning, and brought me hither, where it ſeems ſhe lay all the laſt night.

Dard. Why then, for ought I know, we may be ſtill enchanted.

Beaug. I am glad to hear that, with all my heart. Is ſhe in the Houſe?

Court. No; I was forced to counterfeit ſickneſs, 'till I was e'en ſick indeed, to get rid of her, upon pretence of going to my Phyſitian, in the Devil's name, that this confounded Bulker, with her Guts full of Baſtard, and I might conſole

ſole together for half an hour; and I am ſweetly fitted with a Concubine: that's the truth on't.

Beaug. This comes of your Whoring, *Courtine*; if you had kept me company, and liv'd vertuouſly, none of this had happened to you now. But you muſt be wandring: No reaſonable iniquity will ſerve your turn.

Enter Lady.

Lady. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I'll ſwear, Captain *Courtine*, you are the happieſt Gentleman! Yonder's the fineſt chopping Boy for you. Why, it will be able to carry a Muſquet in your Company within this Fortnight. And then, I am ſo obliged to you for bringing the Lady to lye in at my Houſe, that if your Wife will do me the honour, I'll take it for a favour to ſtand for Godmother with her.

Court. And, Madam, to return your Complement, I wiſh with all my heart you were pregnant with a Litter of nine ſuch chopping Boys, upon condition that I were bound to be Godfather to the whole Kennel.—— Confound your being witty, with a Plague to you. [*Aſide.*

Beaug. That's ſomething courſe though, Friend, to a Lady that's ſo civil to you.

Enter ſeveral Maids of the Family, one with the Child.

1. *Maid.* See *Jenny*, Yon's the Man; that, that's the Father.

2. *Maid.* I'll ſwear it is a proper perſon.

3. *Maid.* Oh Sir, Heavens bleſs you, yon're the happieſt Man! Here is my young Maſter, as like you as if you had bore it your ſelf.

1. *Maid.* What a pretty little Noſe it has!

2. *Maid.* And juſt its Father's Eyes for all the World.

1. *Maid.* It would never grieve a Body to have a Child by ſuch a handſom Gentleman.

Court. Ye Whores! ye Drabs! ye fulſom, ſtinking Whores! Cluſters of Poxes on ye, and no Hoſpitals pity ye!— Confound ye, leave me.

Beaug. Fye upon it, *Courtine*; fye for ſhame: give ſomething to the Nurſe, Man; that's but civil.

Enter Sylvia.

Sylv. A Baſtard! Death, a Baſtard! Under my Noſe too! Where's the vile hateful Monſter?

Beaug. Have patience, Lady.——

Sylv. Falſe, loathſom Traytor.

Court. Now my Joy's compleated.

Sylv. Let me come at him, let me go.——

Court. Hold her faſt, Friend, if thou loveſt me.

Sylv. Thou Devil!—— Thou treach'rous, faithleſs, perjur'd Wretch! Thou Husband! Look in my Face.

Court. Well.——

Sylv. Did I e'er deſerve this?
Degenerate Brute! Thou, only in Falſhood, Man.

Thou rampant Goat abroad, and Drone at home.

Court. (*Sings*) *Like a Dog with a Bottle*, &c.

Sylv. Thou perfect Yoke-fellow! Thou heavy Ox,
That want'ſt a Goad to make thee know thy ſtrength!
Death, Fiends and Torments! I could dig thoſe Eyes out!
I'll bear't no longer: *Bedlam! Bedlam! Bedlam!* {Court. *ſings, and dances a Jigg.*

Sylv. No more! I'll ſtay no more to be his Triumph.
Be warn'd by me, ye Virgins that are bleſt
With your firſt native Freedom; let no Oaths
Of perjur'd Mankind wooe ye to your Ruin.
But when a creeping, fawning, weeping Crocodile
Moans at your feet, remember then my Fall:
And when for pity moſt his Tears implore,
Like me, your Vertue to your Hearts recall;
Reſolve to ſcorn, and never ſee him more. [*Exit* Sylvia.

Court. With all my heart, thou dear, dear Wife and Plague.

Beaug. Methinks a very pitiful Caſe, this, Madam.

Lady. If your Widow were but here, Sir, now, ſhe might fairly ſee what ſhe is like to truſt to. [*Here the Sham Scene.*

Enter a Woman and Dardevil.

Woman. Oh Madam, Madam! What will become of us all?

Lady. Become of us, Woman! Prithee, what's the matter? are we in any danger?

Dard. Only your Brother in Law, Madam, and his Friend, with about a dozen Armed Men more, Madam; that's all the matter, Madam.

Lady. My Brother in Law!

Dard. Yes, your Brother in Law, Lady, if your Name be *Porcia:* ſuch a one they ask for.

Beaug. Porcia!

Court. Yes, *Porcia:* I could have told you ſhe was *Porcia* before.

Porcia. 'Tis but too true, Sir; my unhappy Name is *Porcia.*

Beaug. Porcia, my Widow! my dear lovely Widow! What an ill natur'd trick was this Concealment!

Porcia. Though, Sir, you never ſaw my Face before,
If now you think it worth your leaſt Regard,
Protect me; for I dread my Brother's Fury,
Ev'n worſe than Matrimony. Here, Sir, I yield my ſelf
Up yours for ever.

Beaug. And ſhall I claim thee?

Porcia. From this Hour, for ever.

Beaug. And, by this happy Hour, I'll keep thee mine then.
Secure thy ſelf in the next private Cloſet.
Peace to thy Heart, poor Widow. [*Exit* Porcia.
Give us but Arms!——

Dard.

Dard. Thoſe I've provided for you.

I found our Swords in a certain private Corner that ſhall be nameleſs, where I was propoſing ſome civil Familiarities to the Lady Governeſs of the Family, juſt as the Bluſterers entred.

Beaug. Are they in the Houſe, then?

Dard. Yes, and have bound the Servants too; the hungry Rogues were all ſurpris'd at Dinner; you'll hear more of them preſently, I'll warrant you.

Court. Stand to your Arms, *Beaugard*; the Enemy's upon us.

Dard. We have had a Succeſſion of very pretty Adventures here; firſt we are enchanted, then we are fiddled to ſleep, then we are fiddled up again: Then here's a Diſcovery of a very fair Lady followed by another, of a bouncing brown Baſtard; and when we might have thought all Fortunes Tricks had been over, we are in a very fair way at laſt of having our Throats cut: But I'll ſecure one life that ſhall be my care.—— [*Is ſtealing off.*

Beaug. Dog, ſtay and fight, or, by Heaven, I'll rip your Heart out.

Dard. Well then, if I muſt fight I muſt: What a Pox, I have two good Seconds o' my ſide; and that has ſav'd many a Cowards Credit before now. [*Noiſe within.*

Theod. Break open the Door there, force the Paſſage, down with it.

Enter Theodoret, Gratian *and* Father.

Beaug. Well Gentlemen, what farther? What means this Violence here?

Theod. I hope, Sir, that's no Secret, when you ſee who we are.

Fath. We come, Sir, to demand a Lady, Sir; one *Porcia*.

Beaug. How's that, my Father!

Fath. Father me no Fathers: I am none of thy Father, Fellow; but I am theſe Gentlemens Friend here.— Now, Atheiſt, will I murder thee.

Dard. Oh Law'd!

Fath. *Jack*, *Jack*, *Jack!* Come hither *Jack*; a word with thee, *Jack*: Give me a hundred Pieces now, and I'll be o' thy ſide *Jack*; and help thee to beat off theſe impudent Fellows. Gentlemen, I cannot but own to you that this is my Son.—

Beaug. Sir, were you nick'd to your Shirt, I would not part with a ſingle Shilling, Sir.

Fath. Though, if he were my Son ten thouſand times, in ſuch a Cauſe as yours, I'd draw my Sword againſt him. [*Draws.*

Beaug. You may remember, Gentlemen, a Challenge.

Grat. Which you forgot, Sir.

Court. Hah! A Challenge, *Beaugard?*

Beaug. I'll tell thee more hereafter. To ſhew you I ha' not forgot it, the Lady you thus perſecute is now under my Protection, and with my Sword I'll keep her ſo. [*Draws.*

Court. If we don't, may my Wife get the better of me, and wear mine for a Bodkin.

Theod. Come on then, Sir.

Beaug. For the Lady.

Grat.

Grat. For my Honour.
Court. And for my Friend, Sir.
Dard. Old Brimſtone-Beard, have at thee. } *Fight. The reſt of* The-
Court. Baſe Traytors! Odds! } odore's *Party fall in.*
Beaug. Confound 'em, thruſt. [Beaugard *and* Courtine *driven off.*
Dard. Oh, I am ſlain! My Maw runs out: What will become of me! Oh!
[Gratian *and* Dardevil *fall.*

Enter Theodoret.

Theod. Secure that Paſſage now:— How fares my Friend?
Grat. I'm wounded: ſend for a Chyrurgion quickly, for I bleed much.
Theod. Look to your Maſter, Sirrah; and you, Fellow, be careful of this Beaſt here.
Dard. Oh, a Parſon! a Parſon! dear Sir, a Parſon! Some pious good Divine, if you have any Charity.

Enter Father *with* Porcia.

Fath. Here, here ſhe is: I ha' got her for you; let me alone for ferreting a Female's Quarters out.
Theod. I'd have you, Sir, take care for your Security: There's miſchief done, Sir.
Fath. The more miſchief the better; thou ſhalt find me no Flincher, Boy: here, here; make ſure of her.
Porcia. Inhumane Tyrant! Why am I abus'd thus? Help! Murder! Help!
Theod. None of your Tricks; no Cries, no Shrieks for Succour:
By Hell, here's that ſhall ſilence you for ever.
Thou Woman! Thou young, itching, wanton Devil!
Fly to baſe Cells of Luſt! Give up thy Vertue,
Diſgrace thy Name, and triumph ev'n in Infamy.
On what a tott'ring Point his Honour ſtands,
That truſts the Treaſure in ſuch laviſh hands.

End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

Enter Lucrece *in Man's Cloaths, and* Chloris.

Lucr. FRom this gay minute farewell Love and Doating: I have ſhook the lazy, ſtretching, wiſhing Folly out of my Blood, and now my wandring Heart is at home again. Let me ſee; I have a hundred and a hundred times wiſh'd my ſelf a Man; and now, in outward appearance, I am a very Fellow; nay, a very pretty Fellow: for, methinks Foppery, Impertinence, Self-conceit, and other Maſculine Qualities grow upon me ſtrangely.—— Oh, Miſchief, Miſchief, Miſchief! thou art a very ſweet Employment:— But Opportunity! Bewitching, Lovely, Omnipotent Opportunity! How ſhall I come at thee? *Chloris*!——

Chloris. Madam.

Lucr. Give me my Sword.

Chlor. Here Madam: Bleſs us, What will your Ladyſhip do with your ſelf in this Equipage!

Lucr. Ladyſhip, Huzzy! take notice from this important Moment, I am no more your Miſtreſs; but that Imperial Creature, your Maſter: and therefore know too, I will have my Fœminine Habiliments burnt inſtantly, and an Operator ſent for to make me a Beard grow. I will learn to Ride, Fence, Vault, and make Fortifications in Dirt-Pyes: Nay, if the humour hold, I'll go Voluntier into *Germany* againſt the *Turk*.

Chlor. But what will be the end of all this, Madam?

Lucr. Why, if I go into the War, I ſhall have the privilege, when I return home, to talk of Marches, Battels and Sieges, which I never was at, nor underſtand any more than the Fools I tell my ſtory to. If I ſtay at home, with the privilege of good Cloaths, Pertneſs and much Simplicity, will I ſet up for a Spark, grow familiar at *White-Hall*, and impudent with ſome great Man there or another; run in Debt with a high Hand, be terrible in eating Houſes, and noiſy all over the Town.

Chlor. A very hopeful Reſolution.

Lucr. As thus: When I and another Spark meet; Dam me, *Jack*, ſays I, What Times are there ſtirring? What ready to be had? What Caravans have you met with, or what Looſe lately managed? You Rogue, you look very high upon the Huckle.

Chlor. Well Madam; But what will all this Gibberiſh ſignifie?

Lucr. Signifie, you Fool! why what it ſignifies already; Wit, Courage, Martial Diſcipline, Intereſt at Court, Pretence to Preferment, Free Quarters in my Lodgings, and Free Booty in every Cuckold's Shop, who ſhall truſt me againſt his palpable knowledge, that I'm not worth a Groat; and never have the Impudence to hope to be paid.

Chlor. And muſt your Honour have a Miſtreſs too?

Lucr.

Lucr. Yes Huzzy, and you ſhall be ſerviceable to me in the matter: I'll have a Doxy this very Night; I have ſingled her out already; *Courtin*'s Wife, that jealous, raging, inſatiable Help-meet of the Captains ſhall be my *Ducinea del Toboſo*. She's in Love with me already, that's my comfort: as I paſſed through the Hall juſt now, ſhe coming into the Houſe to pay a Viſit to the Widow *Porcia*, (who, by the way, is as wicked as my ſelf, and my great Councellor in this noble Project) we met: I, you muſt know, bow'd very reſpectfully; ſhe taking me for a Stranger, Curt'ſy'd as low; and viewing me ſtrictly leer'd at me, as if that Minute ſhe took Aim at my Heart, and deſigned me for her Quarry.

Chlor. But, Madam, ſhe knows, and muſt diſcover you.

Lucr. Thou art a fool: ſhe never ſaw me till yeſterday in her life-time, then too diſguiſed: So that if I do not practiſe on her frailty, and by that means find a way to revenge my ſelf on that Vizard-monger *Beaugard*, may I be condemn'd to wear Breeches as long as I live, and never know more than the preſent uſe I make of them.

Chlor. Hiſt Madam, ſhe's returning.

Enter Sylvia.

Lucr. Huſh then: now my Cauſe is coming on, and have at her.

Sylv. Sweet-heart, pray oblige me ſo far to ſhew me the way to the Gardens; I come to pay a Viſit to Madam *Porcia*, and am informed ſhe's gone there for the Air.— A very handſom Youth—— [*Aſide.*

Chlor. Madam, this young Gentleman here is come hither on the ſame kind Errand with your Ladyſhip, and waits till her Return.

Lucr. But, Madam, the good fortune of ſeeing you is a happineſs would recompence the being diſappointed of all the Converſation of your Sex beſides.

Sylv. Indeed, Sir!

Lucr. Yes indeed, Madam.

Sylv. Are you a Relation to this Family, Sir?

Lucr. Madam, the greateſt Advantage I hope from the Family is, henceforth to have oftner the Honour of kiſſing your fair Hands here: It is an Opportunity I ſhould make no Ungentlemanly uſe of.

Sylv. Opportunity, Sir?

Lucr. Yes, Opportunity Madam: I am not aſhamed to mention ſo honeſt a Friend as Opportunity, to one that, by her Years and Beauty, ſhould not, methinks, be a mortal Foe to Opportunity.

Sylv. Do you know me, Sir?

Lucr. Why, Madam; do I treat you like a Stranger? Know you, by this good Hour, there has not been a Day or Night ſince I firſt ſaw you, that I have thought or dreamt of any thing elſe. Are not you the Wife of a certain ſwaggering Squire about this Town, who calls himſelf Captain *Courtine?*

Sylv. Yes Sir; ſuch a Friend in a Corner I have, Sir; and what have you to ſay to him, Sir? I'll ſwear, a very handſom Youth ſtill.——

Lucr. What, Madam! what I have to ſay to you, rather than loſe you, I would ſay to him: which is, that I like you, love you, languiſh for you; and would, with all my Heart, Blood, Spirit and Fleſh, I— *Sylv.*

Sylv. I'll ſwear, Sir, I am mightily obliged to you, and ſo is Mr. *Courtine*; ha, ha, ha!——

Lucr. Mr. *Courtine!* Take notice, Madam, I receive that Expreſſion as kindly as if you had called him what I wiſh him: for, pretty one, if my Intelligence be true, he lives with your Ladyſhip as much like Mr. *Courtine*, as much like a Gentleman——

Sylv. Sir!

Lucr. Madam!

Sylv. Oh Gaud! he's very handſom.

Lucr. Shall we walk in theſe Gardens anon, for I have the privilege of a Key that opens into the Fields: The Moon ſhines too.

Sylv. Between Ten and Eleven does the Moon ſhine?

Lucr. As bright as any thing but your ſelf.

Sylv. But you'll tell, young Gentleman.

Lucr. Only you how I love you.

Sylv. Eleven's a late Hour.

Lucr. Not too late.

Sylv. Indeed!

Lucr. Take this, and my Word for it. [*Kiſſes her.*

Sylv. Fye, how you uſe me, when you mean to forget me.

Lucr. Huſh, no more; Company's coming. Eleven.

Sylv. Ten if you are kind enough.

Lucr. Well ſaid, my chaſt Sex.

Enter Porcia.

Porcia. Oh Couſin, art thou come! Thou art the welcomeſt Creature on the Earth; I have expected thee almoſt to deſpair for theſe three Hours. Oh, Sir! your Servant.

Lucr. I am here, Madam, in order to your Commands.

Sylv. Her Commands!

Porcia. Oh, Couſin, the prettieſt beſt natur'd Youth! He is ſomething related to us a great way off; and by that means has the privilege of Viſiting, without offence to my jealous Brother in Law, and Tyrannical Guardian. Have you contriv'd that buſineſs?

Lucr. Madam, it is done.

Sylv. Bus'neſs! What Bus'neſs, Couſin? Lord, Couſin, you ſeem concern'd at it.

Porcia. I'll tell thee: Seeing my ſelf here confin'd to the Rules and Limits of a very Priſon, I have reſolv'd to put as good a face upon the matter as it will bear, and make my misfortune as eaſie as I can. Wherefore, for a little preſent diverſion, I have contrived a Letter in an unknown name, by this young Agent here, and convey'd it to thy lewd Husband, with another in my own to *Beaugard*; and ſent for thee, my Dear, to ſhare in the pleaſure of the Conſequence.

Sylv. Ha, ha ha! But what will be this Conſequence, Couſin?

Porcia. Twenty to one but it occaſions ſome new Alarm, and Divertiſement to my Jaylours; who are ſo very capricious, they would fancy a Rat behind

the Hangings for a concealed Lover. It may too, by chance, produce me ſome lucky opportunity once more to make my Eſcape out of their mercileſs Power. Nay, they are already half diſpoſed to run away themſelves; for by my Womans intereſt in the Chirurgeon, who has care of the ſwearing Atheiſtical Fellow, yeſterday hurt in the ſcuffle, and afterwards conveyed hither, he gives it out, that he fears his Wounds may be mortal. Upon which, my Lover *Gratian* ſighs, and turns up his Eyes like a Godly Brother at Exerciſe. My Brother *Theodoret* puffs, ſwells, grinds his Teeth, and ſtamps as if he would brain himſelf againſt the next Wall; while poor *Beaugard's* ne'er be good Father has, with pure fear, loſt a red Noſe that has been his faſt Friend for theſe 40 years; and every time he ſees his Face in a Glaſs, fancies every Wrinkle there has the ſhape of a Gibbet.

Enter Phillis.

Phill. Oh, my dear, dear Lady, what will become of us! the moſt unhappy Accident!

Porcia. Hah!

Phill. Indeed Madam, I could not poſſibly help it: I ha' loſt it.

Porcia. Loſt it, loſt what? What haſt thou loſt? Would thou hadſt loſt thy ſelf; loſt a Leg or an Arm, or any thing, rather than have put me in this fright. Speak, what is the matter?

Phill. Oh, Madam, the Billet; Madam, the Billet.

Lucr. } How's this?
Sylv. }

Porcia. What, the Note I ſent to *Beaugard*?

Phill. As I hope to ſee you happy, Madam, I put it as faſt here between theſe two poor naked Breaſts here, as ever it could ſtick, ſo I did, when, juſt as I was going forth, who ſhould meet me but the old, wicked, ranting, roaring Gentleman that lies hid here for fear of hanging, would he had been well hang'd a Twelvemonth ſince; and there he fell a towzing, and a mowzing, and a meddling with me; I was never ſo afraid of being raviſh'd in my life, Gad he knows: So in the ſtruggle, I gueſs the Note was loſt truly; though, in my heart, I wiſh I had been raviſh'd ſix times over, rather than ſuch a misfortune had happened. Nevertheleſs, I ha' done your bus'neſs for you, ſo I have.

Porcia. Bus'neſs! what Bus'neſs? Uglineſs and ill Reputation light on thee. Thou haſt undone and ruin'd me for ever.

Phill. Why, I have met with the Captain, and told him the whole matter, as well as if he had read it in the Letter himſelf. He's but too kind a Man to you, and I too faithful a Servant, ſo I am, to be thus reviled and curſed by you, for all this.

Porcia. What then did he ſay? Fool, Beaſt and Blockhead; tell me.

Phill. Why, he ſaid, he'd die a thouſand and a thouſand times for you, were it poſſible, ſo he did; and that that he will not eat, drink or ſleep, till he has ſet you at liberty, ſo he wo' not; and that he will be in the Garden before Ten.

Lucr. What's in this Caſe to be done, Madam?

Porcia. O deareſt Couſin, retire if you love me; for, ſhould the Lords of my Liberty get any notice of this Billet, and find a Man here, notwithſtanding your

your Relation, who knows what ill usage it may aggravate!——To thy Chamber, dear *Lucrece*, e'er the Storm comes upon us, [*Aside.*

Lucr. I am all Obedience. Sweet Creature, you'll remember! [*To* Sylvia.

Sylv. It is not possible to forget you, surely.

Lucr. Blessings on you for this Goodness. [*Kisses her Hand, and Exit.*

Enter Theodoret *in a Rage.*

Theod. Double Bar up all the Doors and Windows: Load all the Arms in the House, and be ready for Execution instantly, all of ye. By those Devils that dance in your gogling Eyes, Madam, I'll try if you have given your self over to Hell so far, that you can out at a Key-hole.

Porcia. What means the great He Brute?

Theod. To cut off your Intelligence, Lady, and make thee, e'er I have done, to curse thy Father and Mother, that let thee learn to write. Seest thou this! thou irreclamable profligate Wretch! Fogh! Send you the draggle-tail'd Minister of thy lewd Affairs a hunting, full cry about the Town, upon the rank Scent of a Brawny-back'd Hector! By Heavens! the thought of it makes me loath the House, and fancy it stinks of the foul Sins thou hast imagined in it.

Porcia. Thou barbarous, ill manner'd, worse than Beast! Why am I abus'd thus? Why made a Prisoner too, at your sawcy Will? Fetter'd up, and barr'd all Liberty and Converse?

Theod. For the same reason other too hot blooded Females are; because, if possible, I would not have a good Breed spoil'd.

Porcia. What a Load of Dirt is the Thick-Skull cram'd withall, if the Tongue were able to throw it out!

Theod. Filthy, filthy, fulsom filthy! What, be a *Doll-Common*, follow the Camp! How lovelily would your fair Ladyship look, mounted upon a Baggage-Cart, presiding over the rest of the Captain's dirty Equipage!

Sylv. If any thing in the World would make me follow a Camp, it would be a very strong fancy I have, that I should never see you in one, Sir.

Theod. Your Ladyship has reason to defend the Souldiers Cause: You have married one, as I take it, Madam. Ha, ha, ha.

Porcia. He in a Camp! He has not Courage enough to animate half a Taylor, nor good Nature enough to make a Spaniel of, or Sence enough, if he were that Animal, to learn to fetch and carry.

Theod. This will open no Locks, Lady.

Porcia. But there are Instruments to be had, that will break open Locks, Sir.

Theod. Will you please to retire, and consider farther of that in your Chamber.

Porcia. No, I'll not stir, Sir.

Theod. Nay, by Heaven, but you shall, Madam.

Sylv. Nay, by Heaven, but she shall not, Sir. [Father *at the Door.*

Theod. How!

Fath. By *Jove*, and that's well said, I'll stand still a little, and see what's the matter.

Theod. Do not drive me to uſe Violence.

Fath. How! Violence to a fair Lady! That's not ſo well, neither.

Porcia, Heark you, Sir; my Jaylor, or my Hang-man; for which of the two your Office will end in, by your proceedings I cannot imagine: do but touch me, or offer the leaſt force to compel me to a cloſer Confinement; by this injur'd Heart, I'll fire the Houſe about your Aſſes Ears: I'll ſooner burn with you, to be reveng'd, than endure ſuch Inſolence and Torment any longer.

Theod. Very well.

Fath. I Gad, a brave Girl, a delicate Wench! How my Fingers itch to take her part now! I have a Months mind to eſpouſe her Quarrel, and make Friends with poor *Jacky* again. Honeſt *Jacky!* 'tis the beſt natur'd Boy in the World, though I was ſuch a Beaſt to fall out with him.

Porcia. Inhumane, cruel *Theodoret!* Why do you afflict me thus? Why do you force the Tears from my poor Eyes, and wrack a tender Heart that never wrong'd you?—— [*Weeps.*

Theod. For your Souls Health, Lady; and the Welfare of your waſting Reputation. A Pox o' your Whining! Come, to your Chamber, to your Prayer-Book and Repentance: Faſting and Humiliation will be good for you. To your Chamber.

Porcia. To my Grave firſt.

Theod. Nay then— Wha, hoa! [*Offers to lay hold of her.*

Porcia. Stand off! Murder! Cramps, Rheums and Palſies, wither thy unmanly Hands.

Theod. By Heav'n!

Porcia. You dare not do't.

Theod. Hah!

Sylvia. No Sir, you dare not do't, you dare not.

Theod. *Avaunt Paſs!* Confound me, but I ſhall be ſcratch'd here preſently for my patience.

Sylv. What an ill bred Camel 'tis!

Fath. Nay, and what's more; you ſhall not do't, you ſhall not, Sir. Hoh! Is this the Iſſue of your honourable Pretenſions?

Theod. *Et tu* Brute!

Fath. Brute, Brute! Brute me no Brutes Friend: Oonds I am a Man, Fellow; Battoons and Bilboes! Brute! a Gentleman!

Theod. Your Pardon, Sir!

Sylv. Don't pardon him, Sir.

Enter Gratian *leaning on a Staff.*

Grat. Oh, Friend!

Theod. Poor *Gratian.*

Grat. If ever we ought to do any thing for our Safety, let us now prepare, and look about us: I have made hard ſhift to hobble hither, my Wound's grown very troubleſom.—— We are all loſt.

Theod. I can fear nothing when my Friend's ſo near me.

Sylv. Now Couſin rebel, and force your Freedom nobly.

Fath.

Fath. Jacky, I hope. *Jacky* at the Head of *Mirmidons*, and declaring for his Property. Look you, Gentlemen; I muſt confeſs, I have Remorſe of Conſcience, and am ſenſible I have been a Rebel: wherefore, if my Liege Son and Heir have recruited his Power, and be once more up in Arms, Loyalty and Natural Affection, Friends, will work, I muſt pronounce for Prince *Jacky*; and here I reſolve to defend his Territories. [*Draws a broad Sword.*

Grat. If Prince *Jacky* have Intereſt enough to get your Pardon for Murder, Sir, it will be your beſt way to cloſe with him; for, in ſhort, the Atheiſt *Dardevill*, your Antagoniſt, is dead Sir.

Theod. Hah! Dead!

Fath. Dead!

Gratian. Yes dead, Sir.

Sylv. So much the better. *Porcia*, let us run up to the Leads, and cry out Murder to the Streets this Moment.

Fath. Then I find that I am but a ſhort liv'd Sinner; farewell for ever old Hock, Sherry, Nutmeg and Sugar, Seven and Eleven; Sink-Tray, and the Doublets! Never comes better of rebleting againſt one's natural born Children. I ſhall be hanged one of theſe Sun-ſhiny Mornings, and a Ballad come out in the Afternoon to a lamentable Eighty eight Tune of the careful Son, and prodigal Father. Dead ſaid you, Sir.

Grat. Or, at leaſt, cannot ſurvive half an Hour; therefore it is my Opinion that we inſtantly quit the Houſe, and provide all for our Safety.

Theod. Confuſion, Devils!

Porcia. Nay, Sir, ſtand faſt! dare but to open a Door, Sir; by Heav'n, that Moment I'll alarm the Town: you ſhall not think to eſcape, reeking with a poor Man's Blood, ſhed in defence of me.

Theod. Lady, no fooling.

Porcia. No Sir, no fooling: but now, Sir, do you to your Chamber, Sir, to your Chamber; to your Prayer-Book and Repentance; Faſting and Humiliation will be good for you: To your Chamber, Sir; as you tender your Neck, Sir.

Theod. Damnation! Unhand me!

Porcia. I'll dye e'er I'll unhold you. Think you ſo barb'rouſly to leave me here in the Houſe with a dead Wretch, and have the Puniſhment of his horrid Murder light on my innocent Head.

Theod. What do you reſolve to do, Sir?

Fath. Do, Sir! What can I reſolve to do, Sir? I have no means to hope to eſcape, Sir: for, in the firſt place, I have no Money; and a Man that kills another, without Money in his pocket, is in a very hopeful condition. In the next place, for a diſguiſe, I have no Cloaths but theſe you ſee on my Back; with this Tripe-Buff Belt here, which there is not a Conſtable in the whole City but knows, and has had in his Cuſtody, Sword and all. Look you, Gentlemen, I have civilly kill'd a Man for your Service; if you will reſolve, fairly and ſquarely, to hang like Friends together, ſo: If not, I mutiny; and the word is, Diſcover the Plot, the old Boy muſt impeach.

Enter

Enter Rosard.

Ros. Oh, Sir! where are you?

Grat. Well, *Rosard*; what's the News now?

Ros. The Gentleman, Heav'n be thanked, is reviv'd again, Sir; though the Doctors say, such another Fit will certainly carry him off. The poor Creature is very weak, but very penitent.

Fath. In troth, and that's a very ill Symptom; therefore my Opinion is still— I am for hanging all together.

Theod. Hark you, old Rust; you say you have no Money, wherefore, during the present Interval, in the first place, because I will have no Mutiny upon this occasion; in order to your Escape, there's Money for you: in the next place, as you want Change of Rayment, here is the Key of a small Wardrobe, at the lower end of the Gallery above, you'll find the Door to it: Equip your self, and provide for your Security, as your best Discretion shall direct you.

Fath. Look you, Friend, the sooner the better; for, to tell you the truth, else I shall make but a scurvy matter of it at *Tyburn* Cross; with a whining, snivling Account of breaking the Sabbath, and keeping ill Company. Wherefore, not being good at making Speeches, I will leave the Opportunity to you, of shewing your politer Rhetorick, and save a Member of the Commonwealth.——— There's no great harm in Murder, when it brings a Man Money. [*Aside, and Exit.*

Porcia. And now, my Tyrant Brother, I hope we stand on even Terms.

Theod. No, Lady, not yet: There's Life return'd, and therefore hopes still, though, at present, in some measure to comply with you, and ease your Apprehensions, within the Limits of the House and Gardens you are at your Liberty, but no farther this Night: And, for your ampler satisfaction, if I have any Midnight Alarms from your Correspondent abroad, there's Entertainment ready for him, which he may not be very fond of; so Good Night, it is almost Ten. Who waits? What hoa, be ready there. Come *Gratian*, I'll see you to your Repose, and then to my Post of Guard.

Porcia. Ten! That was the Hour, *Phillis*, *Beaugard* mentioned; was it not?

Phill. It was, Madam.

Porc. Be ready then, all ye propitious Powers, that smile on faithful Love; Wait, like kind Angels, on him; Establish Conquest in his able Hand, and Kindness in his Heart. Oh, *Sylvia!*

Sylv. You are transported, Cousin!

Porc. With hopes of Liberty I am indeed: it is an English Woman's natural Right. Do not our Fathers, Brothers and Kinsmen often, upon pretence of it, bid fair for Rebellion against their Soveraign; And why ought not we, by their Example, to rebel as plausibly against them?

Sylv. Most edifying Doctrine this is, truly. [*A Whistle without.*

Porcia. The Sign! Heark, the Sign! *Phillis*, heard you nothing? [*Whistle again.* 'Tis there again; he's true, and I am happy. *Sylvia*, let us retire our selves; you know your old Apartment, for pretious mischief will be soon on foot; and Action worthy Love's great Cause. Thy Husband too, may chance to have

have his ſhare in the bus'neſs; and, as I have order'd Matters, meet ſomething in the Adventure, to mortifie his roving Humour, and reconcile him to his Duty and Allegiance.——— Heark: [*Whiſtle again.* There, 'tis once more a Summons to the Citadel to ſurrender. This ſhall, in after Story, be call'd, Captain *Beaugard*'s beſieging of the Widow.

Which, as 'tis laid ſure, with Succeſs muſt end,
Since Juſtice does his Enterprize attend
Without, and powerful Love within's his Friend.

SCENE *changed to* Fields *on the Back-ſide of a* Garden.

Enter Beaugard, *with a Party.*

Beaug. Hold, ſtand faſt; I have juſt now receiv'd Intelligence over the Garden-Wall, that our deſign has taken air, and there will be no eaſie Entrance.

1. *Man.* Ah Captain; the time has been, when, under your Command, we ſhould have had no need of a Council of War for the attacking ſuch a Fortification as this is.

Beaug. Peace *Plunder*, Peace you Rogue; no Moroding now: we'll burn, rob, demoliſh and murder another time together: This is a Bus'neſs muſt be done with Decency.—— Heark.

2. *Man.* Some Company coming, Sir, from the Back-Street Ward.

Beaug. Hold then, *Plunder:* Do you, with your flying Party, hover at a diſtance about the Fields; while I, with the reſt of the Body, poſt my ſelf as advantagiouſly as I can, to watch the Enemies Motions.—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Theodoret *and his Party.*

Theod. This way the noiſe was: Be ſure keep ſafe the Garden Gate, and follow me carefully. [*Exit* Theod.

Enter Courtine.

Court. So, here I am; and now for my Inſtructions. Let me ſee. [*Reads the Billet. Pray come diſguiſed, that if the Deſign ſhould miſcarry, your Retreat may be the eaſier. Your unknown bluſhing Servant.*—— Humph! *Bluſhing Servant!* Paſſingly modeſt, I'll warrant you! *Pray come diſguiſed!* So I am, or the Devil's in't; for I look more like a Cut-throat, than any thing elſe. Let me ſee; Upon this very Spot, the laſt time I was here, did I meet my damn'd Wife: Avert the Omen, ſweet Heaven, I beſeech thee. And now, as I am conſidering, where can my Friend *Beaugard* be at preſent top? With a Whore. There's that Queſtion anſwer'd. Wherefore, would but my unknown bluſhing Servant appear, or give me a kind Sign; would but my little Partridge call, methinks I could ſo ſhuckle, and run, and Bill, and clap my Wings about her. Hah! [*Turns about.*

Enter

Enter Theodoret.

Theod. Stand: Who goes there?

Court. What's the matter now?

1 *Serv.* Stand, Sir: What are you, Sir?

Court. What am I, Sir! A Man, Sir.

Theod. A Man, Sir, we ſee you are: But what Man are you, Friend?

Court. A Gentleman, Friend; and you had beſt uſe me ſo.—— By Heaven, *Theodoret*; and if I am but diſcover'd!

Theod. Hands off, unlooſe him. You are not him we look for, Sir.

Court. I am glad of that with all my Heart.

Theod. And therefore I ask your Pardon. But, if you are a Gentleman, you will aſſiſt one in me, that have been injured. I have reaſon to believe, my Houſe is now beſet by Villains, who have baſe deſigns upon the Honour of my Family. Wherefore, if you are what you pretend, you'll draw your Sword to do a good Cauſe Juſtice.

Court. Sir, I wear it for no other end; and you ſhall command it.—— Ay, 'tis ſo *Beaugard*; upon new Exploits for the Recovery of his Widow. Nothing but Knight-Errantry ſtirring this Moon.

Theod. Pleaſe you then, Sir, to ſtay here with my Servants, while I walk to the Corner of yon Wall, and try what I can diſcover. [*Exit* Theod.

Court. You may truſt me, Sir. Now will I ſhew my ſelf a true *Renegado*; take Entertainment in Chriſtian Service, to betray 'em to my Brother *Turk*, upon the firſt opportunity. And ſo, my bluſhing Unknown, you may e'en ſtay your Stomach with your Sheets for this Night.

Re-enter Theodoret.

Theod. They are here, ſtand faſt; be reſolute, and be rewarded.

Enter Lucrece.

Lucr. Now, for a convenient Opportunity to do a miſchief: *Beaugard*, I find, is come, and my kind Miſtreſs punctual to Appointment in the Garden. Now, could I but order the Affair ſo, as to ſlur *Beaugard* upon her, inſtead of my ſelf; and her upon him, inſtead of *Porcia*, my Conſcience would be ſatisfied; and he, Mr. *Courtine*, my Rival Widow, and the Wife ſerv'd all in their kind.

Theod. Hold, Sir; What are you? [*To* Beaugard *at the Entrance.*

Court. Ay; Now, now.

Beaug. No matter, Sir; this is not a time of Night to anſwer Queſtions.

Theod. Nay, then.——

Beaug. Nay, now Sir; and when elſe you think fitting, Sir: I am the Man you look for; and you are him I wiſht to meet here.

Court. Now how the Devil I ſhall do to tilt Booty; Hang me like a Dog if I can imagine.

Beaug. Come on there.

Theod.

Theod. You paſs upon your death.

Beaug. I have learnt to ſcorn death more ſince firſt you threatned it; I ſee your Numbers too, and come prepar'd,
Portia's my Claim, and here I'll win or loſe her.

Theod. Then take thy due; and dye like a midnight Thief. Fall on.

[Beaug. *and* Theod. *engage, and their Parties.* Beaug. *and* Theod. *quit each other.* Beaug. *falls upon* Courtine, *and* Theod. *upon* Beaug. *Party; who retire from him, as* Court. *does from* Beaug. *off from the Stage.*

Theod. He runs, he runs; the Half-bred Hector runs. Falſe Cards and Dice, and Quart-pot Brothel-Brawles, were fitter for his Management, than honourable Difference: Heark, Claſhing of Swords ſtill, by Heaven I miſs our Friend the honourable Stranger, that ſo generouſly took our Party; if it be him, let's out, and give him ſuccor.

Enter Beaugard *driving in* Courtine, *who retires beyond the reach of his Sword.*

Beaug. Baſe Raſcal! Coward flie!——

Court. No, Sir, I ſtand ſtock ſtill, and won't ſtir an Inch; but ſince you are ſo uncivil, reſolve not to fight a ſtroke more: So there's my Sword, and here's your humble Servant.

Beaug. Courtine!

Court. The ſame.

Beaug. And thou my Enemy too!

Court. No, Sir, your Friend, had you been wiſe enough to have found it; I came hither diſguis'd, for a Reaſon you ſhall know hereafter; But falling into the hands of the Enemy, was forced to take Party againſt you, for fear of being beaten for you: Yet with a deſign of revolting would you have given me leave; but you, when you ſhould have kept at the head of your Friends, took a particular fancy to be tickling my ſmall guts, and now you ſee what you have got by it.

Beaug. Then farewel for ever poor Widow.—— But ſtay, it were baſe and unmanly to give it over ſo—— Let me ſee—— Lend me thy Diſguiſe, Quickly, quickly, quickly, my Imagination's warm.

Court. Ay, with all my heart, and glad to be rid of it ſo—[*Diſguiſes* Beaug.

Beaug. Take this, and rally my ſcatter'd Forces, [*Gives him his Whiſtle.* They know the ſign; and cannot be far off under the conduct of Plunder that was my Serjeant abroad, thou know'ſt him; make what haſte is poſſible, I'll be hereabouts, and be near me, if any new Diſaſter ſhould happen.

Court. Well, with all my heart for once, here is a new deſign in Embrio now, though I fancy when we have got her, we ſhall never make of this Widow what ſhe has coſt us.

Beaug. No more; I hear Company; Vaniſh.—[*Exit* Court. *Enter* Theod.

Theod. This way I think I heard it: Look, Is not that he! Oh my dear generous Friend, let me embrace you: I hope you are come off well.

Beaug. Very well, Sir, I thank you, if I were but well off from this place; I fear the man I had to deal withall is fallen, for I left him ſtagg'ring. Security were beſt for us all, Sir.

Theod. My houſe ſhall be your Sanctuary, and I'll dye with you but I'll protect you.

Beaug. I gad, and that's kindly ſaid, as things ſtand between us, and if he knew all. [*Aſide.*

Theod. Open the Garden-gate there: You ſhall reſt your ſelf in an Arbor, while I diſpoſe of the groſs of my Family, and prepare an Apartment for your privacy.

Beaug. If I had dy'd in your Quarrel, Sir, a Generoſity like this had over-rewarded it. [Courtine *at the Entrance.*

Court. Stand ſtill ye beaten ſcatter'd Scoundrels, I think that's he, follow me but at a diſtance.

Theod. Open the Gate I ſay there, come Sir———[*They enter the Garden.*

Court. The Stratagem ſucceeds, and *Troy* at laſt is taken.

Enter Lucrece.

Lucr. Oh dear Sir, are not you Captain *Beaugard*?

Court. The ſame, my dear Child, the ſame; Haſt thou any good tydings for me?

Lucr. The private door of the Garden on the other ſide is opened, and you may enter Sir. My poor Lady is dying almoſt with deſpair, that ſhe ſhall never ſee you more: Could you now tell me news of Captain *Courtine*?

Court. Hah! Does then my Bluſhing unknown belong to theſe Territories? It muſt be ſo, Captain *Courtine* is juſt gone in before Sweet-heart, therefore if thou art a true Friend to Love, quickly conduct me.

Lucr. I'll ſhew you, Sir, into the door where you may conceal your ſelf in one of the Arbors till I go through the Houſe, and bring you farther intelligence.

Court. And if my Adventure happen really to be at the end of this buſineſs, my Friend and I ſhall not, I fancy, paſs our time very uncomfortably. [*Exeunt.* Rogues follow me, follow me Rogues.

SCENE, *The Garden.*

Beaugard *looking out of an Arbor.*

Beaug. So, ſo, thus far I am undiſcovered; it is as dark, as if the Devil himſelf were abroad a ſolacing amongſt a Company of Northern Witches to Night: if *Courtine* be but enter'd with my Mermidons, the Widow's infallibly all my own. Hiſt! Who comes here?

Enter

Enter Lucrece.

Lucr. Sir, Sir, where are you?

Beaug. Here, here, my Friend, I wait you.

Lucr. Friend! Is not your Name?—

Beaug. My Name, what! what can this mean?—— [*Aside.*

Lucr. Beaugard, Come, come, I know you: You need not diſtruſt your ſelf, my deſign is to do you ſervice; your *Porcia* knows you are here, and expects you with her Arms open, follow me.

Beaug. Be thou my good or bad Angel, at the charm of that name I muſt follow thee, though thou lead me to Perdition.

Lucr. Softly, no noiſe, this way, give me your hand. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Courtine.

Court. Hold, let me ſee; Ay, there I think is an Arbor where I will creep in, and lie as cloſe, as a Coward in the Hold at a Sea-fight.

Enter Theodoret.

Theod. Hereabouts it was I left him, it is wonderfully dark: Friend! Friend! Where are you?

Court. Hah! that's another ſort of Voice than the Youngſters I depend on: By Heav'n, *Theodoret!* [*Aside.*

Theod. Friend, Friend, I ſay, where are you?

Court. Ay, but the Devil a word you get of me. [*Aside.*

Theod. Why, Sir Friend, do not you hear me?

Court. No. [*Aside.*

Theod. I am ſure this muſt be the Arbor; I'll run and call a Flambeaux.

Court. That may not be ſo well neither, my affairs will not agree with the light as I take it. [*Aside.*

Theod. May be he's fallen aſleep, let me ſee. [*Gropes into the Arbor, and feels him.*

'Tis even ſo: What hoa, Sir!—————— [Courtine *ſnores.*

Friend, Friend, awake, your Chamber's ready, and I ſtay for you.

Court. Who's there? What are you? [*Aloud, as if frighted ſuddenly.*

Theod. Huſh, make no noiſe; but come away.

Court. Is it you, Sir?—He miſtakes me for *Beaugard*, I hope.

Theod. The ſame: I wait upon you, follow me.

Court. If he diſcover me, all again is ruin'd; but Darkneſs, I hope, and Impudence, will befriend a good Cauſe.

SCENE, Dardevill's *Chamber*,

With only one ſmall Lamp burning, and Dardevill *on the Bed.*

Dard. Oh! oh! oh! my Wounds and my Sins! Conſcience, Conſcience, Conſcience, how ſhall I quiet thee! [*Beaug.* Father *at the door.*

Fath. This cowardly Chicken-hearted Raſcal will dye, and be damn'd at laſt. How do you do Sir? How do you find your ſelf?

Dard. Oh very ill, Heav'n knows! within few hours of a Grave, and without great mercy of a deeper place: Who ever you are, if you have any Charity, procure me ſome Conſcientious Godly Divine to unburden my ſelf of my iniquity to.

Fath. This puling, whining, repining Rogue, within theſe two days was blaſpheming: Ought I to be hang'd now for ſuch a Varlet! Shall I ſend you a Divine, ſaid you Sir?

Dard. It would be a great Favour, and a Comfort to me, Sir.

Fath. I'll try what I can do for you, ſince I ſee your condition ſo dangerous, a Pox o'yr Queaſy Conſcience: There is no ſafety for me in ſtaying here, that's one thing, the Houſe being certainly beſet for the apprehending ſome body: For looking out at the Wardrobe Window as I was dreſſing my ſelf, I obſerved ſix or ſeven arm'd Rogues with hangmanly Faces, ſneaking and ſculking about the Garden, that's another thing; wherefore I will haſten and finiſh my diſguiſe, and if there come an Alarum, take the faireſt opportunity to get off in it, and that for me will be the beſt thing. [*Exit* Father.

Enter Courtine.

Court. To what an inſignificant purpoſe have I taken all this pains to night, here have I been put into a Room with a Bed in it, with pray, Sir, will you be pleaſed to take your reſt in the Devil's Name; when my deſign has not been to take my reſt, but my Recreation: I fancy I heard a kind, ſmall complaining Voice this way too, and muſt at preſent confeſs my ſelf in a very good natur'd humor, very much inclined to ſuccor any diſtreſſed Damſel that wants a Companion to paſs away a tedious Night withall.

Dard. Oh! oh! Would but this dear Man come now!

Court. Hah! heark! That muſt certainly be me ſhe means; nay, I am ſure on't: I'll on a little farther.

Dard. Oh h h!

Court. Where art thou, thou poor Creature? I am come to comfort thee.

Dard. I wiſh you had come a little ſooner, I am very ill.

Court. Alas, kind Soul, ſhe's ſick with paſſionate expectation: This muſt be my bluſhing, unknown Servant at the leaſt.

Dard. Whereabouts are you? Give me your hand hither, will you?

Court. Here, here it is, and my heart too, thou haſt 'em both: I'll ſwear

ſhe

ſhe has a well grown palm, by the Rule of proportion I'll warrant her a Swinger; ——but no matter 'tis in the dark. [*Aſide.*

Dard. Heart, ſaid you Sir? Alas! my poor heart's breaking.

Court. Breaking, dear Soul! No, no, never fear it, I'll give thee a Receipe to keep it whole I'll warrant thee: This is the moſt Romantick Adventure.

[*Falls to undreſſing himſelf.*

Porcia *and* Phillis *at the door.*

Porcia. Has then *Beaugard* gotten entrance art thou ſure?

Court. Hah!

Phillis. Madam ſo ſure; that his *Valet Fourbine* is here in the Houſe, and told me ſo himſelf.

Court. What's that?

Porcia. Then now my part begins: Was there ever ſuch inhumane Cruelty committed, a Wretch barbarouſly murder'd and expos'd, without comfort or ſuccor?

Court. Murder, ſaid they? What, Manſlaying! when all my thoughts were upon nothing but Manmaking. I gad then 'tis time that I take care for one, and till a better conveniency offer it ſelf, here's my Burrough, murder in the Devil's name. What do they ſay now? [*Creeps under the Bed.*

Porcia. No, no, my Conſcience will not bear it, I muſt proclaim it to the World: What hoa there, Murder, Murder, Murder.

Court. Oh Lord, here's a comfortable Condition that I am got into.

Porcia. But does the Chyrurgeon ſay there is certainly no danger?

Phillis. Only a thin skin Wound on the outſide of his Belly; but that the force of Fear in the Cowardly-hearted Fellow, will let him think of nothing but a Grave and Damnation.

Porcia. The preſent advantage of it then muſt be improv'd: wherefore ſay the ſtinging of my Conſcience will not let me reſt, I dare not conceal this Murder. Murder, Murder, Murder! Cry Murder you Witch, and alarm the Houſe.

Phillis. Here is ſomebody coming already, *Madam.*

Porcia. Stand ſtill, and obſerve then.

Enter Beaugard.

Beaug. I think it was this way, but no matter, for I am ſure I reign Lord Paramount of this Caſtle now: The angry jealous Brother is gone to Bed, and all his warlike Family, where he lies as faſt, and ſnores and gapes ſo wide, one might ſteal the Widow out of his mouth if ſhe were there: Now could I but find the way to her Ladiſhip's Chamber, while *Plunder* is according to Orders, with his Crew binding the drowzy Rogues of the Family in their Beds! What an opportunity would that be! For there is but one way of making a ſlippery Widow ſure to you.

Porcia. No matter, happen how it will, I ſay again it is a Crying Sin, it is an Abomination, 'tis a——Ah! [*Seeing* Beaug. *diſguis'd, is frighted, and runs out.*

Beaug.

Beaug. Hah! What do Ghosts walk here at this time o'Night, and in Petticoats too; Nay, then have at you: Ye Airy Forms. [*Going out, is met by his Father, disguis'd like a Phanatique Preacher.*

Fath. Yes, verily, and indeed it is an Abomination, a burning Shame, and a lewd Abomination.

Beaug. Hell and the Devil! My Spirit in Petticoats that squeak'd Abomination in *Ela*, converted to the fleshly similitude of a Holy Brother, that Cants it in Gamut————Hoh! Speak, what art thou?

Fath. A Minister of Peace to wounded Consciences, I come here by appointment with an Olive Branch in my mouth, to visit a mortal Ark tost'd and floating in flouds of its own Tears, for its own Frailties.

Beaug. And are you really, Sir, a Man? Really the Godly Implement you appear to be, for the scowring of foul Consciences.

Dard. Ha! ha! ha! Godly Implement, it has almost made me laugh; that's a merry Gentleman, I'll warrant him: Oh h'h!

Fath. I am, Friend, I tell thee, an instructer of the Chosen: Thou savour'st of the old Man, stand off, and do not pollute me with too near communication: I come to convert a Sinner to the Truth, it was I that converted——as some say no body; and expounded the groans of the Protestant Board. How fareth our Brother?

Dard. Alas, Sir, very weak; upon the point of Dissolution, and tormented with the stings of a terrify'd Conscience.

Fath. Lay then one hand upon thy heart.

Dard. I do so.

Fath. Lend me the other; that in the pouring forth thy sins, thy right hand may not know what thy left hand doth.

Beaug. A very material Point that is truly.

Fath. Thou hast lived in Wickedness long.

Dard. From Sixteen to Eight and Forty, without the least Repentance, or a thought of it.

Fath. A very dangerous state; but for thy darling Sins, *Imprimis*, what?

Dard. Drunkenness.

Fath. A very pernicious sin, and of the Devil's own institution; for it sets our Souls a fire: Nay, it sets our Noses o' fire, and sets Houses o'fire. Drunkenness!——Did you ever burn any Houses?

Dard. Never but three, and they Houses of pollution too: Bawdy-houses, Sir.

Fath. So much the worse: For if Bawdy-houses be burnt, what civil Family in this City sleeps safe? I never burnt a Bawdy-house in my life, that's my comfort. *Item.*

Dard. Whoredom, Adultery!

Fath. For Adultery, I mean corrupting of other mens Wives, let me tell you it is a crying Sin, and a very loud one too; but do you repent?

Dard. From the Bottom of my heart.

Beaug. So, Heav'n be thanked, there's no harm in plain Whoredom.

Fath. No more to be said then; be comforted, and I'll absolve thee: But with whom was this Wickedness committed last?

Dard. With my Bosom Friend's Wife, and one that deserv'd much better of me.

Beaug.

Beaug. And that was very friendly done of thee truly.

Fath. Impudent Rogue! But was ſhe very young?

Beaug. Ay, now the feeling, circumſtantial Queſtions are ſtarting.

Dard. About Eighteen; and not yet wedded a full year.

Fath. Voluptuous Dog! But handſom too? Was ſhe very handſom?

Dard. Too beautiful, to have had ſo little Virtue.

Fath. Her Name, her Name! Tell me her Name. Quickly, I ſay unto thee, let me know her Name.

Beaug. Well ſaid, well ſaid there, old Fornication!

Dard. That I have promiſed ſhall for ever be a Secret, Sir.

Fath. Then thou art damn'd, and I do not abſolve thee. I muſt know this precious young Harlot. [*Aſide.*] Once more I ſay her Name!

Dard. But I have ſworn, Sir; you'd not have me be forſworn?

Fath. A mortal Sin in it ſelf: Swearing is another Sin. Farewel, I'll have no more to do with thee: Thy Sins are of too deep a Dye, and Satan be upon thee, a damn'd Rogue not to tell me her Name.

Dard. Oh! oh! dear Sir, come back again, and leave me not in this deſperate, deſponding, ſad condition. [*Exit* Father.

If he has any mercy in this Caſe but upon his own conditions, he's no Father of mine I am ſure on't. [*Aſide.*

Enter Lucrece.

Lucr. Oh, Sir, I am glad I have met with you, a word with you in private, turn, turn this way into the next Room quickly, *Porcia*, *Porcia*, your Widow *Porcia*, Sir.

Beaug. Hah! ſpeak, where is ſhe, thou pretty, ſmiling Mercury!

Lucr. I am to bring her to you this moment: No more words, but in Sir, in, if you'll be happy.

Court. *Porcia*, *Porcia*, ſaid he? Then I am ſure it muſt be *Beaugard*, a pretty Pimp that I'll warrant him. [*Aſide.*

Beaug. And ſhall I truſt thee?

Lucr. Why ſhould I deceive you?

Beaug. Be ſure thou doſt not, as thou loveſt the welfare of this ſoft, tender outſide; adieu for a minute. [*Exit.*

Lucr. That minute gives her to your poſſeſſion, Sir——Hiſt, Madam, Hiſt! The Coaſt is now clear.

Sylvia. Where are you ill nature?

Lucr. Here, tortur'd with my Longings: Where are you? come, come.

Sylvia. Why do you make me do this?

Lucr. Is that a Queſtion now? Turn, turn into the dark Chamber: I'll but ſecure this Door, and then the Night's our own.

Sylvia. Don't ſtay too long.

Court. How afraid ſhe is, leſt he ſhould come again too ſoon! [*Aſide.*

Lucr. Be ſatisfi'd, I'll fly——that is from you as faſt as I can, for I hope I have fitted you.

[*Exit* Sylvia.

Court.

Court. Nay, faith, if this be the Cuſtom of the Houſe, I'll lurk here no longer: The Devil again!

Re-enter Father.

Fath. Trouble me no more, I ſay I will not be perſuaded, I will know the Adultreſſes Name, that I may admoniſh her; for it has been of ancient practice in theſe our pious Offices, to make our Converts confeſs not only all they know, but all that we have a mind to know.

Dard. Not Sir, I hope, if it be improper.

Fath. No matter for that, proper or improper, right or wrong, true or falſe, if it be for our uſe, it muſt be confeſſed. Therefore I ſay, and ſay again, I do not abſolve thee, thou art in the ſtate of Perdition ſtill; tell me her Name, or for thy Drunkenneſs, and burning of Houſes; Thy Whoredoms, and Adulteries; Blaſphemy, and Profaneſs; Thy Swearing, and Forſwearing; Thy rubbing out Milk-ſcores, and lamb-blacking of Signs in *Covent-Garden*; Thy breaking of Windows, killing Conſtables and Watchmen, Beadles, Taylors, Hackney-Coachmen and Link-Boys: for all theſe——

[*Noiſes of ſqueaking from each ſide of the Stage, one from* Sylvia, *Heark there the ſcreaming Fiends are at thy door already. Heark, ſcreame again.*

Court. Nay, Madam, if you ſqueak, and think to alarum the Houſe, I do not behave my ſelf like a true Friend to Love, I am miſtaken, and ſo here I am poſted, and thus will maintain the Paſs. [*Goes to the door where* Beaug. *and his wife are, and draws his ſword to defend it.*

Lucr. at the door. Well ſaid, my civil, dear and friendly Cuckold.

Enter Theodoret *and* Porcia *crying.*

Theod. Come forth thou Strumpet.

Porcia. Nay, cruel *Theodoret*, do not, do not kill me: here on my knees.

Court. How's this? *Porcia* taken there, and my Friend here in private with *Porcia* too!

Theod. By Heav'n thou dy'ſt this moment.

Court. By Hell though but ſhe ſhall not, Sir.

Enter Sylvia, *and* Beaugard *purſuing her.*

Beaug. Nay, Madam, then! how's this? My Widow ſplit in twain! My *Porcia* there, and *Porcia* here too? Confound me *Courtine*'s Wife! I have done finely.

Theod. You'll juſtifie this uſage?

Court. You ſee, Sir, I am reſponſible. [*Shews him* Beaug.

Beaug. By Heav'n unhand her, or—Nay, look Sir well, you'll know me.

[*Throws off his diſguiſe.*

Porcia.

Porcia. My faithful Souldier!

Beaug. My victorious Widow! [*She runs into his Arms.*

Theod. Call up my Servants there, raiſe all the Houſhold.

Beaug. I'l do't Sir———[*Gives the Sign,* Plunder *and his Party appear.* See, here are thoſe that are ready to wait on you, if you have any ſervice to command them.

Theod. And I will find 'em ſervice that ſhall warm 'em. [*Exit.*

Court. Now, I fancy, by this Lady's concealing her ſelf, ſhe may be a diſcovery worth the making. Madam, you ſee here my Friend is unconſtant, but truly nothing could ever wean him from this Widow here.——*Sylvia*! My Wife! my rigid vertuous Wife! my damn'd, confounded, jealous Wife!

Beaug. Now here are very hopeful matters towards.

Court. It was very courteouſly done of me, *Beaugard*, was it not, to keep the door for you, with my own Wife, Sir?

Beaug. Nay, let us not quarrel *Ned*: I'll give thee a friendly account of this matter to morrow between our ſelves, in the mean time be ſatisfi'd, I have not wrong'd thee.

Porcia. Will you never leave this Foraging into other Folks Quarters, Captain?

Beaug. I am afraid, Widow of mine, you had a finger in the Plot, though—

Sylvia. Indeed, my deareſt.

Court. Your humble Servant, my Deareſt! I am only glad of this fair opportunity, to be rid of you, my Deareſt: henceforth, my Deareſt, I ſhall drink my drink, my Deareſt, I ſhall whore my Deareſt; and ſo long as I can pimp ſo handſomly for you, my Deareſt, I hope if ever we return into the Countrey, you'll wink at a ſmall Fault now and then with the Dairy-Wench, or Chamber-Maid, my Deareſt.

Sylv. I always was a Burden to your ſight, and you ſhall be this time eas'd on't. [*Exit.*

Court. With all my heart! Heav'n grant it would laſt for ever.

Enter Theodoret.

Theod. My Doors lockt up! My Servants gag'd and bound! I am betray'd, undone, and I'll not live to bear it.

Beaug. Nay, hold, Sir, none of that neither: This Deſign was not laid for a Tragedy.

Theod. How do you intend to deal with me?

Beaug. Like a Gentleman, Sir, though you hardly deſerve it of me: In ſhort, this Lady is in my Charge now, and you in my power, and by her Authority, this being her own Houſe, I have made thus bold with it, and will take care to diſpoſe hereafter out of the reach of your mercileſs Tyranny, nay, if this reverend perſon will do us the friendly Office, though I have often renounc't it, am ready to do it one way this moment. *Dardevil*, wilt thou lend me thy Chaplain?

Dard. Heh!

Porcia. Riſe, Sir! Won't you riſe? If your old Friend and I make a match on't, I hope you'll be ſo kind to dance at the Wedding.

Dard. Dance, Madam! I am dying.

Phillis. That's falſe, to my knowledge, Madam: for the Surgeon told me laſt dreſſing, it was ſo ſlight a Wound, he had much ado to keep it from healing.

Dard. Yes, by the ſame token when he had done with me, he began with you, forſooth, and ſaid he would ſhew you a little of his operation, for handling and tampering with his Box of Inſtruments, and there's the truth out now.

All. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Dard. Why Gentlemen, Ladies, Friends, Acquaintance, Am not I dying? Am not I wounded? Is not there a Hole in my belly, that you may turn a Coach and ſix in?

Beaug. No, no: Prithee leave raving, and get up for ſhame, man. Thou an Atheiſt, thou believe neither a God nor a Devil, and be afraid of a hurt no bigger than a Pin-hole! *Courtine*, lend us thy hand to raiſe up our old Friend here: Well, how is't now? [*Set him on his Legs.*

Dard. Hah! Faith and Troth, I fancy, not ſo bad as I thought it was. Methinks I begin to find my ſelf pretty hearty; I can ſtand, I can walk too, I have no pain at all. How doſt thou do, old Orthodox? {*Strikes him on the Shoulder, which ſhakes the Diſguiſe from his Face.*

Court. Ah! but you repented, *Dardevill*; thou didſt repent, Friend: I am ſorry to hear of it with all my heart, it will be a foul blot in thy Eſcutcheon: But thou didſt repent.

Fath. A Pox on the Block-head, now I ſhall be known. {*Fumbling to fix his Diſguiſe again.*

Dard. Repent! Prithee be quiet, Man: Repent, quotha! Why, doſt thou think I did not know my old Cuſtomer for two Deuces here, old *Anti-Abraham*, the Father of Unbelievers?

Fath. My *Jacky!* my little Rogue! my dainty Boy! Thou Son of thy nown Father, I can hold no longer; and I muſt kiſs thee, and I will kiſs thee, ēēēē you Dog, you Dog, you Dog, you little dear damn'd Dog. [*Sing Old* Simon. *Huzza*, the Widow's our own: There lie Divinity.

Beaug. A very *Cutter*, as I live, had he but a *Tabitha*, a perfect *Cutter*.

Fath. Now, *Jacky* Boy; *Jacky*, you Rogue, ſhall not I have a little ſpill out of this Portion now, hah? The jolly Worms that have fatten'd ſo long in this Malmſey Noſe of mine with the Fumes of Sack will die, and drop out of their Sockets elſe. Couldſt thou have the Heart to ſee this illuminated Noſe of mine look like an empty Honey-Comb; Couldſt thou be ſo hard hearted?

Porcia. Faith, Captain, be mollify'd; the old Gentleman, methinks, propoſes very moderately.

Fath. It ſhall be ſo: She ſhall be my Daughter in Law, though I invert the Order of Duty, and ask her Bleſſing.

Beaug. Look you, Sir: Though you have been a very ungratious Father, upon condition that you'll promiſe to leave off Gaming, and ſtick to your Whoring and Drinking, I will treat with you.

Fath.

Fath. The truth on't is, I have been too blame, *Jack*! But thou ſhalt find me hereafter very obedient; that is, provided I have my Terms: which are theſe.

Beaug. Come on, then.

Fath. Three Bottles of Sack, *Jack*, *per diem*, without Deduction, or falſe Meaſure: Two Pound of Tobacco *per* Month; and that of the beſt too.

Court. Truly this is but reaſonable.

Fath. Buttock-Beef and *Marob*-Beer at Dinner, you Rogue: A young Wench of my own chuſing, to wait on no body but me always: Money in my Pocket: An old Pacing Horſe, and an Elbow-Chair.

Beaug. Agreed. You ſee, Sir, already, I am beginning to ſettle my Family; and all this comes by the Dominion Chance has over us. By Chance you took the Charge of an old Father off from my Hands, and made a Chaplain of him. By the ſame ſort of Chance I have taken this Lady off from your Hands, and intend to make her another ſort of Domeſtick. What ſay you, Sir? Are you contented?

Theod. I cannot tell whether I am or no.

Beaug. Then you are not ſo wiſe a Man as I took you for. In the mean time; for your Liberty, you muſt diſpenſe with the want of it, till I have this Night ſecured the Safety of my Widow. Your Friend *Gratian*, becauſe of his Wounds, is only lock'd in his Chamber, and may take his Reſt as otherwiſe. For the other part of the Family, I care not to make Excuſes.

Thus ſtill, with Power in hand, we treat of Peace;
But when 'tis ratify'd, Suſpicions ceaſe:
The Conquer'd to recruiting Labours move.
Like me, the Victor, Crowns his Eaſe with Love.

F I N I S.